

There begynneth the booke of fame /
made by Geffray Chaucer:
with dyuers other of
his woꝝkes.





The boke of fame.

The prologue of Geoffrey Chaucer / authoure of this worke.

God tourne vs every dreame to good
 For it is wonder thyng by the rood
 To my wytte: what causeth / weuenes
 On the morowe or on euenes
 And why the effecte foloweth of some
 And of some it shall neuer come
 Why that it is a visyon
 And why this a reuelacion
 Why this a dreame / why that a sweuen
 And nat to every man lyche euene
 Why this a fanton / why they oracles
 I not : but who so of these myracles
 The causes knowe bette than I
 Deupne he / for I certainly
 He can hem nat / ne neuer thynke
 To busy my wytte for to swynke
 To knowe of her significacions
 The gendres / ne distynctions
 Of the tymes of hem / ne the causes
 Or why this is more than that is
 Or yefe folkes complexions
 Make hem dreame of reflexions
 Or els thus / as other sayne
 For the great feblenesse of her bryne
 By abstynence / or by sickenelle
 Prison / stryfe / or great distresse
 Or els by disordynaunce
 Or naturall accustomaunce
 That some men be to curious
 In studye / or malancolpous
 Or thus : So inly full of drede
 That no man maye hym bote rede
 Or els that deuocion
 Of some / and contemplacion
 Causen suche dreames ofte
 Or that the cruell lyfe vnlofte
 Of hem that loues leden
 Ofte hopen moche or dreden
 That purely her impressyons
 Causen hem to haue visyons
 Or if spirites han the myght
 To make folke to dreame on nyght
 Or if the soule of proper kynde

Be so perfyte as men fynde
 That it wote / what is to come
 And that he warneth all and some
 Of eueryche of her auentures
 By auisyon or by fygytes
 But that our flesche hath no myght
 To vnderstande it a right
 For it is warned to derkely
 But why the cause is / nat wote I
 Well worth of this thyng clerkes
 That treaten of that / and of other werkes
 For I of none opynion
 Wyll / as nowe make mencion
 But onely that the holy Rood
 Tourne vs every dreame to good
 For neuer sicke I was bozne
 He no man els me beforne
 Mette I trowe stedfastly
 So wonderfull a dreame / as byde I.

Thus endeth the prologue / and
 here begynneth the
 fyrst boke.

The tenth day of Decembre
 The whiche / as I can remembre
 I wyll make inuocacion
 With a deuout special deuocion
 Unto the god of slepe anone
 That dwelleth in a caue of stone
 Upon a streame that cometh fro Lete
 That is a flode full vnsweete
 Besyde a fulke / that men clepe Cymery
 There slepeth aye / this god vnmery
 With his slepy thousande sonnes
 That allwape to slepe / her won is
 And to this god / that I of rede
 Praye / that he wyll me spede
 My sweuen / for to tell a right
 yefe any dreame stande in his myght
 And he that mouer is of all
 That is and was / and euer shall
 So gyue hem ioye that it here
 Or all that they dreame to pere
 And for to stande all in grace
 Of her loues / or in what place
 That hem were leuest for to stonde
 a.ij. And

The boke of fame:

And shelde hem from pouerte and shonde
 And from euery unhappe and diseale
 And lende hem/ that may hem please
 That taketh well/ and scozeth nought
 As it myl deme in her thought
 Throughe malycious entencion
 And he/through his presumption
 O2 hate o2 scozne/ o2 throughe enuy
 Dispyte o2 iape/o2 felony
 Mysdeme it/ praye I Iesus good
 Dreme he barefote/ o2 dreme he shood
 That euery harme/that any man
 Hath had/ lithe the worlde began
 Befall hym therof o2 he sterue
 And graunt/ that he mape it deserue
 Lo/ with suche a conclusyon
 As had of his dysyon
 Orefus/ that was kyng of Hyde
 That he vpon a gybet dyde
 This prayer shall he haue of me
 I am no bette in charite.

Nowe herken/as I haue you sayde
 What that I mette/o2 I abyayde
 Of Decembre/ the tenth dape
 Whan it was night/ to slepe I laye
 Right as I was wont to done
 And fyll a slepe wonder lone
 As he that was wery for go
 On pylgrimage/myles two
 To the corps of saynt Leonarde
 To maken lythe/ that erst was harde
 But as I slepte/ me mette I was
 Within a temple/ymade of glas
 In whiche there were mo ymages
 Of golde/standyng in dyuers stages
 And mo riche tabernacles
 And with perle/ mo pynnacles
 And mo riche portraiture
 And queynt maner of fygyres
 Of golde worke/than I sawe euer
 For certainly I nyf neuer
 Where that I was/ but well wyf I
 It was of Venus rebely
 The temple/ for in purtreure
 I sawe anone her fygyre
 Naked steryng in a see

And also on her heed parde
 Rose garlandes/ smellyng as a mede
 And also steryng about her hede
 Her douues/ and dan Cupido
 Her blynde sonne/ and Alcano
 That in his face was full browne
 But I romed by and downe
 I founde/ that on a wall there was
 Thus wrytten/on a table of bras
 I wyll nowe syng/ if that I can
 The armes/ and also the man
 That fyrst came through his destyne
 Fugityfe/ fro Trope the countre
 In to I taylor/ with moche pyne
 Unto the strondes of Laupne
 And tho began the storie anone
 As I shall tell you eche one
 fyrst sawe I the distruction
 Of Trope / through the greke Synon
 With his falle vntreue for weryng
 And with his chere and his lesyng
 Made the horse/brought in to Trope
 By whiche Trojans lost their tope
 And after this/ was graued alas
 Howe I lpon assayled was
 And won/ and kyng Priamus slayne
 And Hlyto his sonne certayne
 Dispytously of dan Pryrus
 And nexte that/ sawe I howe Venus
 Whan that she sawe the castell bynde
 Downe from heuyn she gan discende
 And hadde her sonne Eneas flye
 And howe he fledde / and howe that he
 Escaped was/ from all the pries
 And toke his father/olde Anchises
 And bare hym on his backe away
 Cryeng/ alas and welaway
 The whiche Anchises in his hande
 Bare tho the goddes of the lande
 Chylke/ that vnbrenned were
 Than sawe I nexte all in fere
 Howe Creusa/dan Eneas wyfe
 Whom that he loued/as his lyfe
 And her yonge sonne Iulo
 And eke Hkanius also
 Fledde eke with dery chere
 That it was pyte for to here

And

The boke of fame.

And in a forest as they went
 At a tournyng of a went
 Howe Creusa was plost/ alas
 That rede nat I/ howe it was
 Howe he her sought/ and howe her good
 Badde hym flye the grekes hooft
 And sayd/ he must in to I taylor
 As was his destyne/ sauing sayle
 That it was pyte for to here
 Whan her spyrite gan appere
 The wordes/ that to hym she sayde
 And for to kepe her soune she prayde
 There sawe I grauen eke/ howe he
 His father eke/ and his meyne
 With his shyppes gan to sayle
 Towarde the countre of I taylor
 As streight/ as that they myght go
 There sawe I eke/ the cruell Iuno
 That art dan Iupiters wyfe
 That hast hated all thy lyfe
 All the Troyan blode
 Ben and crye/ as thou were wode
 On Colus/ the god of wyndes
 To blowen/ out of all kyndes
 So loude/ that he shulde drenchen
 Lorde/ lady/ grome/ and wench
 Of all the Trojans nation
 Without any of her sauacion
 There sawe I suche tempest arysse
 That every hert myght agryse
 To se it paynted on the wall
 There sawe I eke/ grauen with all
 Venus: howe ye my lady dere
 Wepyng with full wooll chere
 Prayeng Iupiter on hye
 To saue and kepe that nauy
 Of that trogian Eneas
 Sith that he her sonne was
 There sawe I Ioues and Venus kyss
 And graunted was/ of the tempest lyss
 There sawe I howe the tempest stent
 And howe with payne he went
 And pryncely toke a ruyage
 In the countre of Cartage
 And on the morowe/ howe that he
 And a knyght that hight Achate
 Metten with Venus that day

Goyng in a queynt aray
 As she had be an hunteresse
 With wynde blowyng her tresse
 And howe Eneas began to playne
 Whan he knewe her of his payne
 And howe his shippes dreynt were
 Or els plost/ he nyst where
 Howe she gan hym conforthe tho
 And badde hym to Cartage go
 And there he shulde his folke fynde
 That in the see were lefte behynde
 And shortly/ of this rhyng to passe
 She made Eneas so in grace
 Of Dydo/ quene of that countre
 That shortly for to tellen/ she
 Became his loue/ and let hym do
 All that weddyng longeth to
 What shulde I speke more queynt
 Or payne/ my wordes to payne
 To speke of loue it wyl nat be
 I can nat of that faculte
 And eke to tellen of the manere
 Howe they first acquainted were
 It were a long processe to tell
 And ouer long for you to dwell
 There sawe I graue/ howe Eneas
 Tolde to Dydo every case
 That hym was rydde vpon the see
 And este grauen was / howe that she
 Made of hym/ shortly at a worde
 Her lyfe/ her loue/ her lust/ her lorde
 And dyde to hym all reuerence
 And layde on hym all dispence
 That any woman myght do
 Wenyng all it had be so
 As he her swoie/ and hertely demed
 That he was good/ for he suche semed
 Alas/ what harme dothe apparence
 Whan it is false in existence
 For he to her a traptour was
 Wherfore she slowe her selfe alas
 Lo/ howe a woman dothe amysse
 To loue hym that unknowen is
 For every trust/ lo thus it fareth
 It is nat all golde that glareth
 For also/ brouke I myne heed
 There may be vnder goodlyheed

The booke of fame.

Couered many a shrewde byce
 Therfore be no wyght so nyce
 To take alone onely for chere
 Or for speche or frendly manere
 For thus shall every man fynde
 And I were/ howe he is brynnde
 Or false proued/ or double was
 All this saye I by Eneas
 And Dydo/ and her nece lost
 That loued all to soone a gost
 Therfore/ I wyll saye o prouerbe
 That he that fully knoweth the herbe
 May safely ley it to his eye
 Withouten drede/ that is no lye
 But lette vs speke of Eneas
 Howe he betrayed her alas
 And lette her full brynndely
 So whan she all sawe vtterly
 That he wolde her of trouthe saye
 And wende fro her in to I taye
 She began to wryng her handes two
 Alas quod she/ that myne hert is wo
 Alas/ is every man thus trewe
 That every yete wyll haue a netwe
 yf it so longe tyme endure
 Or els thre parauenture
 And thus of one he wyll haue fame
 In magnifyng his owne name
 Another for frendshyppe/ saythe he
 And yet shall the thynde be
 That is taken for delpte
 Lo/ or els for synguler profyte
 In suche wordes gan complayne
 Dydo/ of her great payne
 As me mette/ dremyng redely
 None other authour allege wyll I
 Alas quod she/ my I wete herte
 Haue pyte of my sorowes smert
 And flee me nat/ go nat away
 O wofull Dydo/ welaway
 Quod she/ to her selfe tho
 O Eneas/ what wyll ye do
 O that loue/ ne othe/ ne your bonde
 That ye I wote with your right honde
 Be my cruell dethe quod she
 May holde you styll with me
 O/ haue ye of my dethe pyte

I wys myne owne dere hert/ ye
 Knowe full well that neuer yet
 As farre/ as euer I had wyt
 Agylte you/ in thought ne in dede
 O men/ haue ye suche goodlyhede
 In speche/ and neuer a dele in trouthe
 Alas/ that euer had routh
 Any woman/ on a false man
 Howe I se well/ and tell can
 We wretched women can no arte
 For certayne/ for the more parte
 Thus we ben serued euerychone
 Howe fore ye men can grone
 Anone as we haue you receyued
 Certaynly/ we ben disceyued
 For though your ioue last a season
 Wayte vpon the conclusyon
 And eke/ howe ye determyne
 And for the more parte despyne
 O/ welaway that I was borne
 For through you my name is lorne
 And myne actes reed and songe
 Quetall this lande/ in euery tonge
 Of wycked fame/ for there nys
 Nothyng so I wyfte lo/ as she is
 O/ sicke euery thyng is wylt
 Though it be couerde with the myst
 Eke though I myght endure euer
 That I haue done/ recouer I neuer
 That I ne shall be sayd/ alas
 yshamed was/ through Eneas
 And that I shall thus iuged be
 Lo/ right as she hath/ now she
 Wyll done eftsones hardely
 Thus saythe the people prauely
 But that is done / is nat to done
 But all her complaynt/ ne her mone
 Certayne/ aueyleth nat a stre
 And whan she wylt sothly / he
 Was forthe/ in to his shyppe gone
 She in to her chambze went anone
 And called for her suster Anne
 And began her to complayne than
 And sayd: that she the cause was
 That she so loued/ alas
 And thus counsayled she her to
 But what / whan this sayd was and do
She

The booke of fame.

She rose her selfe to the hert
 And so deyde through her smert
 But all the maner/ howe she deyde
 And all the wordes/ howe she sayde
 Who so to knowe/ hath it in purpote
 Rede **Tergyll** in **Eneydos**
 Of the epytelle of **Ouyde**
 What that she wrote of/ she deyde
 And nere it to long tentyte
 By god/ I wolde it here write
 But welaway/ the harme and routhe
 That hath betydde/ for/ suche vntrouthe
 As men may ofte in bokes rede
 And all day/ it is yet in dede
 That for/ to thynken it tene is
 Lo **Demophon**/ duke of **Athenes**
 Howe he for/ wore hym falsly
 And trayed **Phylles** wickedly
 That the kynges doughter was of **Trace**
 And falsely gan his terme pace
 And whan she wist that he was false
 She henge her selfe by the halfe
 For he had done her suche vntrouthe
 Lo/ was nat this a wo and routhe
 Eke loke/ howe false and recheles
 Was to **Breseyda** **Achylles**
 And **Paris** to **Oenone**
 And **Iason** to **Ilyphile**
 And eke **Iason** to **Medea**
 And **Hercules** to **Opanira**
 For he leste her for/ **Iolee**
 That made hym cathe his dethe pardo
 Howe false was eke **Theseus**
 That as the storie telleth vs
 Howe he betrayed **Adriane**
 The deuyll be his soules bane
 For had he langed or loured
 He must haue ben all deuoured
 yefe that **Adrian** had nat be
 And for/ she had of hym pyte
 She made hym from the dethe escape
 And he made her a full false iape
 For after this / within a whyle
 He leste her slepyng within an yle
 Desert alone within the see
 And stale awaye and lette her be
 And toke her suster **Phedra** tho

With hym/ and gan to shyppe go
 And yet had he swome to here
 On all that euer he myght swere
 That so she saued hym his lyfe
 He wolde taken her to his wyfe
 For she desyred nothynge elles
 In certayne/ as the booke vs telles
 But tereuse this **Eneas**
 Fullyche of his great trespas
 The booke saith he/ sauns fayle
 The goddes hadde hym go to **Italye**
 And leauen **Afryques** region
 And **Dido**/ and her fayre town
 Tho I sawe graue/ howe to **Italye**
 Dan **Eneas** is gone to sayle
 And howe the tempest all began
 And howe he lost his steresman
 Whiche that the sterne/ or he toke kepe
 Smote ouer the borde/ lo ere he lepe
 And also saugh I/ howe **Sibyle**
 And **Eneas**/ besyde an yle
 To Hell went/ for to se
 His father **Anchyses** the free
 And howe he there founde **Polymarus**
 And also **Dido**/ and **Deyphebus**
 And eueriche tourment eke in Hell
 Sawe he/ whiche no tonge can tell
 Whiche/ who so lyst to knowe
 He must rede many a rowe
 In **Tergyle** / or in **Claudian**
 Or **Daint**/ that it tellen can
 There sawe I eke/ all the arrpuayle
 That **Eneas** had made in to **Italye**
 And with kynge **Latyn** his trette
 And all the batayls that he
 Was at hym selfe/ and all his knyghtes
 Or he had all ywon his rightes
 And whan he **Turnus** rekte his lyfe
 And wan **Lauyna** to his wyfe
 And all the marueplous signals
 Of the goddes celestials
 Howe maugre **Iuno**/ **Eneas**
 For all her flyght and compas
 Archyued all his auenture
 For **Iuppter** toke on hym cure
 At the prayer of **Venus**
 The I praye alway saue vs

And

The boke of fame.

And by aye/ of our sorowes lyght
Whan I had all sene this syght
In this noble temple thus
Aye lord thought I/ that madest by
yet sawe I neuer suche noblesse
Of ymages/ner suche richesse
As I sawe grauen in this churche
But nat wote I/ who dyde hem worche
He where I am/ ne in what countre
But a none/ I gan out se
Right at the wycket/ if I can
Sene ought where/ any steryng man
That wolde haue tolde where I am
Whan I out of the doze cam
I fast about me behelde
Than sawe I but a large felde
As farre as euer I myght se
Without towne/ house/ or tree
Or bushes or grasse/ or eared lande
For all the felde was but of sande
As small/ as man may se at eye
In the deserte of Ubye
He I no maner creature
That is formed by nature

He sawe I/ me to rede or wyffe
O Christ thought I/ that arte in blyss
From fanton/ and illusoun
He saue/ and with deuocioun
Myne eyen to the heuyn I cast
Tho was I ware/ so at the last
That fast by the sonne an hpe
As kenne myght I/ with myne eye
He thought I sawe an Egge soze
But that it seemed moche more
Than I had any Egge yseyne
This is as sothe/ as dethe certayne
It was of golde/ and shone so bright
That neuer sawe men suche a syght
But if the heuyn had ywonne
All netwe of golde another sonne
So shone the Egges fethers bright
And soone downwarde gan it lyght.

Thus endeth the fyrst boke/ and
here after foloweth the
seconde.

The boke of fame.

Nowe herken euery maner man
 That any maner of Englyshe can
 And lykeneth/ of my dreame to lere
 For at the fyrst shall ye here
 So self/ and so dredefull a visyon
 That I saye/ that neuer Scipion
 Ne kyng Nabugodonosore
 Pharaos/ Turnus/ ne Alcandro
 Ne metten suche a dreame/as this
 Nowe saye blisfull/ O Cyprius
 So be my fauour at this tyme
 That ye me/ tendite and ryme
 Helpe ye/ that in Parnaso dwell
 Belyde Clycon/the clere well
 O thought/that wrote all that I mette
 And in the tresorie it sette
 Of my brayne/ nowe shall men se
 If any vertue in the be
 To tell all my dreame a right
 Nowe kytte thy engyn and myght
 This Eggle/ of whiche I nowe haue tolde
 That his fethers shone all of golde
 Whiche that so hye gan to soze
 I gan beholde/ more and more
 To sene her beaute/ and the wonder
 But neuer was there dunt of thonder
 Ne that thyng/ that men call foudre
 That smyte soone a towre to poudre
 And in his swyfte comyng brende
 That so swyfte gan downwarde discende
 And this foule/ whan I behelde
 Whan I a rowme was in the felde
 And with his grym pawes stronge
 Within his sharpe nayles longe
 He fleyng/ at a swappe he hent
 And with his sours/ agayne by went
 He carpyng/ in his clawes sharke
 As lightly/ as I had ben a larke
 Nowe hye I can nat tell yowe
 For I came by/ I myght neuer howe
 For so astonyed and all weued
 That euery vertue in me heued
 What with his sours/ and my drede
 That all my felyng gan to dede
 For why/ it was a great astray
 Thus I longe in his clawes lay
 Tyll at last/ he to me spake

In mannes boyce/ and sayd a wake
 And sayd: Be nat a gaste so for shame
 And called me tho/ by my name
 And for I shulde better abyde
 He to awake/ thus he sayd
 Right in the same boyce and steupn
 That blyth one/ that I can neuyn
 And with that voyce/ sothe to sayne
 My mynde came to me agayne
 For it was goodly sayd to me
 So was it neuer wont to be
 And here with all I gan to stere
 As he me in his fete bere
 Tyll that he felte that I had heate
 And felte eke tho/ myne hert beate
 And tho gan he me to dispoite
 And with gentyll wordes me conforthe
 And sayd wysse/ saynt Mary
 Thou arte anoyous thyng to carpe
 And nothyng nedeth it parde
 For also wysse god helpe me
 As thou no harme shalte haue of this
 And this case/ that betydde the is
 Is/ for thy loze and for thy prouise
 Lette se/ darst thou loke yet nowe
 Be full ensured boldly
 I am thy frende/ and therewith I
 Can for to wonder in my mynde
 O god quod I/ that madest all kynde
 Shall I none other wyse dye
 Wheder I oue wyll me stellye
 O what thyng maye this signifye
 I am neyther Enoche ne Helye
 Ne Romulus/ ne Ganemede
 That were bore by/as men rede
 To heuyn/with dan Iuppter
 And made the goddes boteler
 Lo/ this was tho my fantasie
 But he that bare gan espye
 That I so thought/and sayd this
 Thou demest of thy selfe a myse
 For I oue is nat there about
 I dare the putte full out of dout
 To make of the yet a starre
 But ere I beare the moche farre
 I wyll the tell what I am
 And wheder thou shalte/ and why I came
 To do

The boke of fame.

To do this/so that thou take
 Good herte/and nat for feare quake
 Gladly quod I/ nowe well quod he
 fyrst/ I that in my fete haue the
 Of whom thou hast feare and wonder
 I am dwelling/with the god of thonder
 Whiche men callen Jupiter
 That dothe me flyenfull ofte fer
 To do all his comaundement
 And for this cause he hath me sent
 To the: Herke nowe by thy trouthe
 Certayne he hath of the routh
 That thou hast so truely
 Long serued ententifely
 His blynde neuewe Cupido
 And saye Venus also
 Without guerdon/ euer yet
 And netheles hast sette thy wytte
 Although in thy heed full lytell is
 To make bokes/ songes/ or dptees
 In ryme/or els in Cadence
 As thou best canst in reuerence
 Of loue/ and of his seruantes eke
 That haue his serupce sought/ and seke
 And paynest the to prayse his arte
 Although thou haddest neuer parte
 Wherfore also/ god me blesse
 Ioues holte it great humbleste
 And bettue eke/ thou doest wake
 On nyght/ and makest thyne heed ake
 In thy studie/ so thou writest
 And euermore of loue endptest
 In honour of hym and prapling
 And in his folkes furtherpung
 And in her mater all deupfest
 And nat hym/ ne his folke dyspyfest
 Although thou mayst go in the daunce
 Of hem/that hym lyst nat auauce
 Wherfore/ as I sayd pwp
 Jupiter conspydeth well this
 And also beausyre of other thynge
 That is/ thou hast no tidynge
 Of loues folke/ if they be glade
 Ne of nothpung els that god made
 And nat onely fro farre countre
 That no tidynge comen to the
 Flat of thy very neighbour

That dwellen almost at thy dozes
 Thou herest neyther that ne this
 For whan thy labour all done is
 And hast made all thy rekenynges
 In stede of rest/ and of newe thynge
 Thou gost home/ to thyne house anone
 And also dombe as a stone
 Thou syttest at another boke
 Tyll fully dased is thy loke
 And lyuest thus/as an hermyte
 Although thyne abstynence is lyte
 And therfore Ioues/ through his grace
 Wyl that I shall beare the to a place
 Whiche that hight the house of fame
 And to do the spozte and game
 In some recompensacion
 Of thy labour and deuocion
 That thou hast had / lo causeles
 To god Cupido the recheles
 And thus this god / for his merpse
 Wyl with some maner thpung the quyte
 So that thou wylte be of good chere
 For trust well/that thou shalt here
 Whan we be comen/ there I saye
 No wonder thynge I dare well laye
 And of loues folke mo tidynge
 Bothe sothsaues and lesynge
 And mo loues newe begon
 And long serued tyll loue is won
 And mo louers casuelly
 That ben betpde/ no man wote why
 But as a blynde man sterterh an hare
 And more solpte and welfare
 Whyle they synde loue of stele
 As thynke men / and ouerall wele
 No discordes / and mo ielousies
 No murmures / and mo nouelries
 And also mo dissymulacions
 And eke feyned reperacions
 And mo berdes in two houres
 Without rasour or ysoures
 Imade/ than grapnes be of sandes
 And eke mo holdpung in handes
 And also mo renouelances
 Of olde for leten acqueyntances
 No louedapes / and mo accordes
 Than on instrumentes ben cordes

And

The boke of fathe

And eke of loue mo exchatinges
 Than euer comes were in graunges
 Wymeth may thou trowen this
 Quod he/ no so helpe me god as wys
 Quod I/ ne why quod he/ for it
 Were impossible to my wyt
 Though fame had all the ppres
 In all a realme / and all espyes
 Howe that she shulde here all this
 O: they espyen that o: this
 Quod he to me/ that can I proue
 By reason/ worthy for to leue
 So that thou gyue thyne aduertence
 To vnderstande my sentence
 First shall thou here where she dwelleth
 Right so/ as thyne owne boke telleth
 Her palais standeth/ as I shall say
 Right eyn a myddes of the way
 Bitwene heuyn/ erthe/ and see
 That what soeuer in all the thys
 Is spoken in priue o: apperte
 The way therto is so smerte
 And stant eke in so iust a place
 That euery sowne mote to it pace
 O: what so cometh from any tonge
 Be it rowned/ reed/ o: songe
 O: spoken in surete o: drede
 Certayne/ it more thyder nede
 Howe herken well/ for why I wyll
 Tellen the a proper skyll
 And a worthy demonstracion
 In myne ymaginacion

Geffray/ thou wottest well this
 That euery kynde that is
 Hath a kyndly stede that he
 May best in it conserued be
 Unto whiche place euery thyng
 Through his kyndly enclynning
 Meueth for to come to
 Than that is a way therto
 As thus: Lo howe thou mayst all day se
 That any thyng that heuy be
 As stone o: leed/ o: thyng of weight
 And beare it neuer so highe on height
 Lette go thyne hande/ it falleth downe
 Right so say I/ by fyre and sowne

O: smoke / o: other thynges lyght
 Alway they seke vpwarde on heght
 Light thynges/ by and downwarde charge
 Whyle eueriche of hem be at large
 And for this cause/ thou mayst well se
 That euery ryuer vnto the see
 Enclyned is/ to go be kynde
 And by these skylles I fynde
 Haue fysshes dwelling in flode and see
 And trees eke on erthe be
 Thus euery thyng by his reason
 Hath his owne proper mancyon
 The whiche he seketh to repayre
 There as it shulde nat appeyre
 Lo/ this sentence is knowen couth
 Of euery phylosophers mouthe
 As Aristotell and dan Platon
 And other clerkes many one
 And to confyrme my reason
 Thou wost well/ that speche is a sowne
 O: els no man myght it here
 Howe herke what I wyll the lere
 Sowne is nat but ayre ybroken
 And euery speche that is spoken
 Loude o: priue / soule o: sayre
 In his substance/ is but an ayre
 For as flame is but lyghted smoke
 Right so is sowne/ ayre ybroke
 But this may be in many wyse
 Of whiche I wyll the deuyse
 As sowne cometh of pyppes o: harpe
 For whan a pyppe is blowen sharpe
 The ayre is twyst with byolence
 And rent: Lo/ this is my sentence
 Eke/ whan men harpestrynges smyte
 Wheder it be moche o: lyte
 Lo/ with the stroke the ayre to breketh
 And right so breketh it/ whan men speketh
 This wost thou well/ what thyng is speche
 Howe heng forth/ I wyll the teche
 Howe euery speche/ voyce o: sowne
 Through his multiplicacion
 Though it were pyppe o: moute
 Note nedes come to fames house
 I proue it thus/ take hede now
 By experience/ for if thou
 Threwe in a water now a stone

I ytell

The boke of fame.

To do this/so that thou take
 Good herte/and nat for feare quake
 Gladly quod I/nowe well quod he
 fyrst/ I that in my fete haue the
 Of whom thou hast feare and wonder
 I am dwellyng/with the god of thonder
 Whiche men callen Jupiter
 That dothe me flyenfull ofte fer
 To do all his comaundement
 And for this cause he hath me sent
 To the: Herke nowe by thy trouthe
 Certayne he hath of the routh
 That thou hast so truely
 Long serued ententifely
 His blynde neuewe Cupido
 And sayre Venus also
 Without guerdon/ euer yet
 And netheles hast sette thy wytte
 Although in thy heed full lytell is
 To make bokes/ songes/ or dytees
 In ryme/or els in Cadence
 As thou best canst in reuerence
 Of loue/ and of his seruauntes eke
 That haue his scrupce taught/ and seke
 And paynest the to prayse his arte
 Although thou haddest neuer parte
 Wherfore also/ god me blesse
 Ioues holte it great humbleste
 And vertue eke/ thou doest wake
 On nyght/ and makest thyne heed ake
 In thy studie/ so thou writest
 And euermore of loue endytest
 In honour of hym and praysing
 And in his folkes furthering
 And in her mater all deuyflest
 And nat hym/ ne his folke dyspyflest
 Although thou mayst go in the daunce
 Of hem/that hym lyst nat auauce
 Wherfore/ as I sayd pwp
 Jupiter conspydeth well this
 And also beausyre of other thynges
 That is/ thou hast no tidynge
 Of loues folke/ if they be glade
 Ne of nothyng els that god made
 And nat onely fro farre countre
 That no tidynge comen to the
 Flat of thy very neighbour

That dwellen almost at thy dozes
 Thou herest neyther that ne this
 For whan thy labour all done is
 And hast made all thy rekenynges
 In stede of rest/ and of newe thynges
 Thou gost home/ to thyne house anone
 And also dombe as a stone
 Thou syttest at another boke
 Tyll fully dased is thy loke
 And lyuest thus/as an hermyte
 Although thyne abstynence is lyte
 And therfore Ioues/ through his grace
 Wyl that I shall beare the to a place
 Whiche that hight the house of fame
 And to do the spote and game
 In some recompensacion
 Of thy labour and deuocion
 That thou hast had / lo causeles
 To god Cupido the recheles
 And thus this god / for his merpse
 Wyl with some maner thyng the quyte
 So that thou wylte be of good chere
 For trust well/that thou shalt here
 Whan we be comen/ there I saye
 No wonder thynges I dare well laye
 And of loues folke mo tidynge
 Bothe sothfawes and lesynges
 And mo loues newe begon
 And long serued tyll loue is won
 And mo louers casuelly
 That ben betydde/ no man wote why
 But as a blynde man sterterh an hare
 And more solpte and welfare
 Whyle they synde loue of stele
 As thyne men / and ouerall wele
 No discorde / and mo ielousies
 No murmures / and mo nouelries
 And also mo dissymulacions
 And eke feyned reperacions
 And mo berdes in two houres
 Without rasour or ysoures
 Imade/ than graynes be of sandes
 And eke mo holdyng in handes
 And also mo renouelances
 Of olde for leten acqweyntances
 No louedayes / and mo accordes
 Than on instrumentes ben cordes

And

The boke of fame

And eke of loue mo exchaunges
 Than euer comes were in graunges
 Unneth may thou trowen this
 Quod he/ no so helpe me god as wys
 Quod I/ ne why quod he/ for it
 Were impossyble to my wyt
 Though fame had all the pps
 In all a realme / and all espyes
 Howe that she shulde here all this
 Or they espyen that or this
 Quod he to me/ that can I proue
 By reason/ worthy for to leue
 So that thou gyue thyne aduertence
 To vnderstande my sentence
 First shall thou here where she dwelleth
 Right so/ as thyne owne boke telleth
 Her palais standeth/ as I shall say
 Right eyn a myddes of the way
 Bitwene heuyn/ erthe/ and see
 That what soeuer in all the thys
 Is spoken in priue or apperte
 The way therto is so smerte
 And stant eke in so iust a place
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 Unto whiche place euery thyng
 Through his kyndly enclynning
 Meueth for to come to
 Than that is a way therto
 As thus: Lo howe thou mayst all day se
 That any thyng that heuy be
 As stone or leed/ or thyng of weight
 And beare it neuer so highe on height
 Lette go thyne hande/ it falleth downe
 Right so say I/ by fyre and sowne

Or smoke / or other thynges lyght
 Alway they seke bywarde on heght
 Light thynges/ by and downwarde charge
 Whye eueriche of hem be at large
 And for this cause/ thou mayst well se
 That euery ryuer into the see
 Enclyned is/ to go be kynde
 And by these skylles I fynde
 Haue fysshes dwelling in fode and see
 And trees eke on erthe be
 Thus euery thyng by his reason
 Hath his owne proper mancyon
 The whiche he seketh to repayre
 There as it shulde nat appeyre
 Lo/ this sentence is knowen couth
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 Thou wost well/ that speche is a sowne
 Or els no man myght it here
 Howe herke what I wyll the lere
 Sowne is nat but ayre ybroken
 And euery speche that is spoken
 Loude or priue / soule or sayre
 In his substantance/ is but an ayre
 For as flame is but lyghted smoke
 Right so is sowne/ ayre ybroke
 But this may be in many wyse
 Of whiche I wyll the deuyse
 As sowne cometh of pype or harpe
 For whan a pype is blowen sharpe
 The ayre is twyst with byolence
 And rent: Lo/ this is my sentence
 Eke/ whan men harpestrynges smyte
 Wheder it be moche or lyte
 Lo/ with the stroke the ayre to breketh
 And right so breketh it/ whan men spebeth
 This wost thou well/ what thyng is speche
 Howe heng forth/ I wyll the teche
 Howe euery speche/ voyce or sowne
 Through his multiplicacion
 Though it were pype or moute
 Note nedes come to fames house
 I proue it thus/ take hede now
 By experience/ for if thou
 Threwe in a water now a stone

I lytell

The boke of fame

Well wost thou/ it wyll make anone
 I ytell roundell/ as a cercle
 Parauenture/as brode as a couerle
 Brodder than hym selfe was
 And thus fro roundell to compas
 Eche about other goyng
 Causeth of others sterpyng
 And multiplyng eueryno
 Tyll it be so farre go
 That it at bothe bynkes be
 Although thou may it nat se
 Aboue it gothe/yet allwaye vnder
 It is/though thou thynke it wonder
 And who so saythe/of trouthe I bary
 Bydde hym proue the contrary
 And right thus/euery worde ywis
 That loude or preyng spoken is
 Moueth fyrst/in the ayre about
 And of his mouyng out of dout
 Another ayre/anone is moued
 As I haue/ of the water proued
 That euery cercle causeth other
 Right so of ayre/ my leue brother
 Eueryche ayre in other stereth
 More and more/ and speche by bereth
 Of voyce or nyste/ worde or sowne
 Aye/ through multiplicacion
 Tyll it be at the house of fame
 Take it on earnest or in game
 Nowe haue I tolde/ if thou haue mynde
 Nowe speche or sowne / of pure kynde
 Enclyned is/ bpwarde to moue
 This mayst thou fele well by proue
 Ah ha quod he/ lo so I can
 Leudly vnto a leude man
 Speke and shewe hym suche I kyllles
 That he may take hym by the bylles
 So palpable the I kyllles be
 But tell me this/ nowe praye I the
 Nowe thynkerh the my conclusyon
 A good persuacion
 Quod I/ and lyke to be
 Right so / as thou hast proued me
 By god quod he/ and as I leue
 Thou halte haue yet or it be eue
 Of euery worde of this sentence
 And also proue/by experyence

And with thyn eares heren well
 Toppe and tayle/ and euerydell
 That euery worde that spoken is
 Cometh in to fames house ywis
 As I haue said/ what wylte thou more
 And with this worde/bpper to soze
 He began/ and said by saynt I ame
 Nowe wyll we speken all of game
 Howe farest thou nowe/ quod he to me
 Well quod I / nowe se quod he
 By thy trouthe yonde adowne
 Where that thou knowest any towne
 Of house/ or any other thyng
 And whan thou hast ofought knowyng
 Loke that thou warne me
 And I anone shall tell the
 Howe farre thou arte nowe therfro
 And I adowne gan to loke tho
 And behelde felde and playns
 Nowe bylles/ and nowe mountayns
 Nowe baleys/ and nowe forrestes
 And nowe bnneth great beestes
 Nowe ryuers/ nowe great cytres
 Nowe towne/ nowe great trees
 Nowe shypes sayling in the se
 But thus soone/in a whyle he
 Was flownen fro the grounde so hie
 That all the worlde/as to myne eye
 No more seemed than a puche
 Of els/the ayre was so thicke
 That I myght it nat deserue
 With that he spake to me so perne
 And sayd: Seest thou any token
 Of ought/that in the worlde is of spoken
 I said nay/ no wonder is
 Quod he / for neuer halfe so hie as this
 As Hyslauder of Macedo
 kyng: He of Rome dan Scipio
 That satwe in dreame poynt deuyse
 Heuyn and hell/ and paradys
 He eke the wright Oedalus
 He his sonne nyse I charus
 That slawe so hie/that the hete
 His wynges malte / and he fell wete
 In mydde the see/ and there he dreynt
 For whom was made a great compleynt
 Nowe tourne bpwarde quod he/ the face
 And

The boke of fame.

And beholde this large space
 This ayre/ but loke that thou ne be
 A dradde of hem/ that thou shalte se
 For in this region certayne
 Dwelleth many a citezeyn
 Of whiche speketh dan Plato
 These ben the eyrly beestes lo
 And tho sawe I all the meyne
 Bothe gone/ and also flye
 Lo quod he/ cast by thyne eye
 Se yonder lo/ the Galaxye
 The whiche men clepe the mylky waye
 For it is whyte: And some perseye
 Callen it Watyng strete
 That ones was hent with the hete
 Whan the sonnes sonne the reade
 That hyte Pheton wolde leade
 Algate his fathers carte/ and gye
 The carte horse/ gan well espye
 That he coude no gouernaunce
 And gan for to leape and daunce
 And beare hym vp/ and nowe doun
 Tyll he sawe the Scorpioun
 Whiche that in heuyn/ a signe is yet
 And he for feare lost his wyt
 Of that/ and let the reynes gone
 Of these horse/ and they anone
 Gan vp to mount/ and dounwyl descende
 Tyll bothe ayre and erthe brende
 Tyll Iupiter lo/ at the last
 Hym floue/ and fro the carte cast
 Lo is it nat a great myschaunce
 To lette a fole haue gouernaunce
 Of thynges/ that he can nat demeyne
 And with this worde/ sothe for to sayne
 He gan allwaye byper to soze
 And gladed me/ than more and more
 So faithfully to me spake he
 Tho gan I loke vnder me
 And behelde the eyrly beestes
 Cloudes/ mystes/ and tempestes
 Snowes/ hayles/ raynes/ and wyndes
 And all thengendryng in her kyndes
 And all the way/ throughte whiche I cam
 O god quod I/ that made Adam
 Moche is thy might and nobles
 And tho thought I bypon Boece

That writeth/ a thought may flye so hye
 With fethers of philosophye
 To passen eueryche Element
 And he hath so farre ywent
 Than may he se behynde his backe
 Cloude and all/ that I of spake
 Tho gan I were in a were
 And sayd/ I wote well I am here
 Wheder in body or in goost
 I nat ywis/ but god thou wost
 For more clere entendement
 Had he me neuer yet sent
 Than thought I on Marcyan
 And eke on Anteclaudian
 That sothe was/ their discripcion
 Of all the heuyns region
 As farre/ as I sawe the preue
 And therfore I can hem leue
 With that the Egle can to crye
 Lette be quod he thy fantasye
 Wylte thou here/ of starres ought
 Say certainly quod I/ right nought
 And why quod he/ for I am olde
 Als wolde I haue the colde
 Quod he/ starres names lo
 And all the heuyns signes to
 And whiche they be/ no force quod I
 yes parde quod he/ wost thou why
 Whan thou redest poetry
 Howe the goddes can stellys
 Byde/ fyre/ or hym or her
 As the Rayn and other
 Or Ariones harpe fyne
 Castor/ Polux/ or Delphyne
 Or Athalantes daughters leuyn
 Howe all these are sette in heuyn
 For though thou haue hem ofte in hands
 yet nyst thou/ where they stande
 No force quod I/ it is no nede
 As well I leue/ so god me spede
 Hem that wryten of this matere
 As though I knewe her places here
 And eke they shynen here so bright
 I shulde shenden all my sight
 To loke on hem/ that may well be
 Quod he/ and so forthe bare he me
 I whyle/ and tho he gan to crye

The boke of fame.

That neuer herde I thyng so hye
 Holde by thyne heed/ for it is well
 Saynt Iulian lo/ bonne hostell
 Se here the house of fame lo
 Mayst thou nat here that I do
 What quod I/ the great towne
 Quod he/ that rombleth by and doun
 In fames house/ full of tynges
 Bothe of fayre speche/ and of other thynges
 And of false and sothe compownd
 Herken well/ it is nat rownd
 Herest thou nat the great swough
 yeg parde quod I/ well ynough
 And what towne is it lyke quod he
 Peter/ lyke the beatyng of the see
 Quod I/ agaynst the roches holowe
 Whan tempestes don her hyppes swalowe
 And that a man stande out of dout
 I myle thens/ and here it rout
 Or els lyke the humblyng
 After the clappe of a thundyng
 Whan Ioues hath the ayre ybete
 But it dothe me for feare I wete
 Say/ drede the nat therof quod he
 It is nothyng that wyll greue the
 Thou shalte haue no harme truly
 And with that worde/ bothe he and I
 As nyghe the place aryued were
 As men myght cast with a spere
 I nyll howe/ but in a strete
 He sette me fayre on my fete
 And sayd/ walke forthe a pace
 And tell thyne auenture and case
 That thou shalte fynde in fames place
 Nowe quod I/ whyle we haue space
 To speke/ or that I go fro the
 For the loue of god tell me
 In sothe/ that I wyll of the lets
 yefe this noyse that I here
 Be/ as I haue herde the tell
 Of folke/ that forthe in erthe dwell
 And here in the same wyse
 As I the herde of this deupse
 And that here/ lyues body nys
 In all that house/ that yonder is
 That maketh all this loude fare
 No quod he by saynt Clare

And also wps god helpe me
 But o thyng I wyll warne the
 Of the whiche thou wylte haue wonder
 Lo/ to the house of fame yonder
 Thou wost howe cometh euery speche
 It nedeth nat the more to teche
 But vnderstande right well this
 Whan any speche ycomen is
 Unto that palais anone right
 It weyeth lyche the same weight
 Whiche that in erthe the worde spake
 Be he clothed in reed or blake
 And hath so very his lykenesse
 That spake the worde/ and thou wylte gesse
 That it the same body be
 Man or woman/ he or she
 And is nat this a wonder thyng
 yeg quod I by heuyng kyng
 And with this worde/ farewell quod he
 And here wyll I abyde the
 And god of heuen sende the grace
 Some good to letne in this place
 And I of hym toke leaue anone
 And gan forthe to the palays gone.

Thus endeth the seconde boke/ and
 hereafter foloweth the
 thirde.

The boke of fame.

God of science and of lycht
 Appollo/through thy great myght
 This lytell last boke/ thou nowte gye
 Nat that I wyll for maistrye
 Here arte potensyall be sheude
 But the ryme that is so leude
 Made it somwhat agreable
 Though some verse fayle syllable
 And that I do no dyligence
 To shewe crafte/but sentence
 And if dyuine bertue thou
 Wylte helpe me to shewe nowte
 That in my heed marked is
 Lo/ that is for to meuen this
 The house of fame to discryue
 Thou shalte se me go as blyue
 Unto the next laurer I se
 And kysse it/ for it is thy tre
 Howe entre in to my brest anone
 Whan I was from the Egge gone
 I gan beholde vpon this place
 And certayne/ or I further pace
 I wyll you all the shappe deuyse
 Of house/ of cyte/ and of the wyse
 Howe I gan to the place approche
 That stant vpon so hye a roche
 There standeth none so hye in Spayne
 But by I clame/ with moche payne
 And though to clymbe/ it greued me
 yet I ententpse was to se
 And for to poze wonder lowe
 pefe I coude any wyse knowe
 What maner stone this roche was
 For it was lyke a lymed glas
 But that it shewed more clere
 But of what congeled matere
 It was/ I ne wyll redely
 But at the last espyed I
 And fonde/ that it was everydele
 A roche of ple/ and nat of stele
 Thought I/ by saynt Thomas of Kent
 This were a feble foundement
 To bylden on a place so hye
 He ought hym well to glorifye
 That heron bylte / so god me saue
 Tho sawe I all the hall ygraue
 With famous folkes names sele

That haue ben in moche wele
 And her fames wyde blowe
 But well bnneth myght I knowe
 And letters for to rede
 Her names / for out of dyede
 They weren almost ouerthrowed so
 That of the letters/one or two
 Were molte away of euery name
 So vnfamous was waxe her fame
 But men sape/ what may euer last
 Tho gan I in myne hert cast
 That they were molte away for hete
 And nat awaye with stormes bete
 For on that other syde/ I sape
 On this hyll/that nothwarde laye
 Howe it was wroten full of names
 Of folke/ that had afore great fames
 Of olde tyme/ and yet they were
 As freshe/as men had wroten hem there
 The selfe day/ or that hour
 That I on hem gan to poure
 But well I wyll what it made
 It was conserued with the shade
 Of a castell/that so stode on hye
 All the wrytyng that I se
 And stode eke/ in so colde a place
 That heate myght it nat deface
 Tho gan I on this hyll to gone
 And fonde on the coppe a wone
 That all the men that ben on lyue
 He han the connyng to discryue
 The beaute of that ylike place
 He coude cast the compace
 Suche another for to make
 That myght of beaute be his make
 He so wonderly p'wrought
 That it astonyed/ yet my thought
 And maketh all my wytte to swynke
 On this castell for to thynke
 So that the great beaute
 The cast crafte and curiosyte
 He can I nat to you deuyse
 My wytte may it nat suffyce
 But netheles/ all the substaunce
 I haue yet in my remembraunce
 For why/ me thought by saynt Gyle
 All was of stone of beryle

The boke of fame.

Bothe the castell and the tour
 And eke the hall/and euery bourt
 Without peces oꝝ ioynges
 But many subtell compassynges
 As habeuries and pynacles
 Imageries and tabernacles
 I sawe eke/ and full of wyndowes
 As flakes fallen in great snowes
 And eke in euery of eche pynacles
 Were sondrie habytacles
 In whiche stoden/ all they withouten
 Full the castell all abouten
 Of all maner of mynstralles
 And iestours that tellen tales
 Bothe of wepyng and of game
 And of all/ that longeth vnto fame
 There herde I playe on an harpe
 That sowned well and sharpe
 Hym Orpheus full craftely
 And on his syde fast by
 Satte the harper Oxion
 And Gacides Chyrion
 And other harpers many one
 And the Briton Glas kyrione
 And small harpers with her glee
 Satte vnder hem in dyuers sees
 And gon on hem bpwarde to gape
 And counterfayted hem/as an ape
 Oꝝ as crafte counterfayte kynde
 Tho sawe I hem behynde
 A farre from hem / as by hem selue
 Many thousande tymes twelue
 That made loude mynstraleyes
 In coymuse oꝝ Halmeyes
 And many another pype
 That craftely began to pype
 Bothe in douced and in rede
 That ben at feestes with the brede
 And many a floyte and lytlyng hrone
 And pypes made of stree of corne
 As haue these lytell heerd gromes
 That kepen beestes in the bꝛomes
 There sawe I than dan Cytherus
 And of Athenes dan Proserus
 The Mercia/ that lost her skynne
 Bothe in face/ body/ and chynne
 For that she wolde enuyen lo

To pypen/ bette than Appollo
 There sawe I eke/ famous olde and yonge
 Pypers/ of the duche tonge
 To lerne houe daunces sprynges
 Keyes/and the straunge thynges
 Tho sawe I in another place
 Standyng in a large space
 Of hem that maken bloody soun
 In trumpe beme and clarpoun
 For in fyght and blode shedyng
 Is bled good clarionyng
 There herde I trumpe Messenus
 Of whom that speketh Vergilius
 There herde I Ioab trumpe also
 Theodonas/ and other mo
 And all that bled clarion
 In Castell/ Lyon/and Aragon
 That in her tymes famous were
 To lernen/sawe I trumpen there
 There sawe I sytte in her sees
 Pleyng vpon other lees
 Whiche I can nat neuen
 Mo than sterres ben in heuen
 Of whiche I nyl/ as nowte nat tyme
 For ease of you/and losse of tyme
 For tyme ylost/that knowe ye
 By no waye/couered may be
 There sawe I play iogelers
 Magiciens and tragedours
 And Phetonysses and charmeresses
 Olde wythes and sozceresses
 That bsen exorsifacions
 And many other inuocacions
 And clerkes that comen well
 All this magyke naturell
 That craftely do her ententes
 To maken in certayne ascendentes
 ymages lo/ through suche magyke
 To make a man hole oꝝ seke
 There sawe I the quene Medea
 And Cyces eke/and Caliochia
 There sawe I Hermes/ Ballenus
 Tymote/and eke Symon Magus
 There sawe I/and knetwe hym by name
 That by suche arte done men fame
 There sawe I Coll tregetour
 Upon a table of Sycomour

Pley

The boke of fame.

Pley/an vncouth the thing to tell
 I sawe hym cary a wynde mell
 Under a walnote shale
 What shulde I make lengre tale
 Of all the people that I say
 I coude nat tell tyll domus day
 Whan I had all this folke beholde
 And sonde me loos and nat holde
 And este I mused a lengre whyle
 Upon this wall of Beryle
 That shone lyghter than a glas
 And made it well more than it was
 As kynde thyng of fame is
 And than anone after this
 I gan forthe romen tyll I sonde
 The castell/that on my right honde
 Whiche so well coruen was
 That neuer suche another nas
 And yet it was by auenture
 p wrought/ by great and subtyll cure
 It nedeth nat you for to tell
 To make you lengre to dwell
 Of these pates florissynges
 He of compaces/ ne of karupnges
 He howe the hackyng in masonries
 As corbettes/and ymageries
 But lorde/ so fayre it was to shewe
 For it was all of golde behewe
 But in I went/and that anone
 There mette I cryeng many one
 A larges a larges/ by holde well
 God saue the lady of this pell
 Our owne gentyll lady fame
 And hem that wylleth to haue a name
 Of vs/ thus herde I cryen all
 And fast comen out of the hall
 And shoke nobles and starlynges
 And crowned were they as kynges
 With crownes wrought full of lesynges
 And many reban/and many thynges
 Were in her clothes trewly
 Tho at last espyed I
 That pursuauantes and heraudes
 That cryen ryche folkes laudes
 It weren all/ and euery man
 Of hem/as I you tell can
 Had on hym thzowe a besture

Whiche men clepe a cote armurs
 Enbroudred wonderly riche
 Although they were nat pliche
 But nat wyll I/ so mote I thriue
 Be about to discreue
 All these armes what they weren
 That they thus on her cotes beren
 For it to me were impossyble
 Men myght make of hem a byble
 Twentie fote thicke/ as I trowe
 For certayne/ who so coude knowe
 Myght there/all the armes se
 Of famous folke that had be
 In Affrike/Europe/and Asye
 Sithe fyrst to chivalry
 Lo/ howe shulde I tell all this
 He of the hall eke/ what nede is
 To tellen you that euery wall
 Of it/and rose and floze with all
 Was plated/halfe a fote thicke
 Of golde/ and that was nat wycke
 But to proue in all wyse
 As fyne/ as ducket of Weyste
 Of whiche/ to lyte in my pouche is
 And were sette/as thicke as ouches
 Full of the fynest stones fayre
 That men reden in the lappydaye
 Or as grasses growen in a mede
 But it were all to longe to rede
 The names: and therfore I pace
 But in this riche lusty place
 That fames hall called was
 Full moche prees of folke there was
 No gronyng/ for so moche prees
 But all on hye vpon a dees
 Satte on a se emperypall
 That was made of a Ruby royall
 Whiche a carbuncle is ycalled
 I sawe perpetually ystalled
 A femynine creature
 That neuer formed by nature
 Suche another thyng I saye
 For altherfyrst/ sothe to saye
 We thought that she was so lyte
 That the length of a cubyte
 Was lengre/ than she semed be
 But thus soone in a whyle she
b. iij.

The boke of fame.

Her selfe/ tho wonderly strepght
 That with her fete she therthe reyght
 And with her heed/ she touched heuyn
 There as shyneth the starres seuyn
 And therto yet / as to my wytte
 I sawe as great a wonder yet
 Upon her eyen to beholde
 But certainly/ I hem neuer tolde
 For as fell eyen had she
 As fethers vpon foules be
 Or weren on the beestes four
 That goddes trone can honour
 As writeth Iohan/ in the apocalyps
 Her heet/ that was olondy and cryps
 As burned golde shone/ as for to se
 And sothe to tellen / also she
 Had also fell standyng eares
 And tonges/ as on a beest ben heares
 And on her fete woren sawe I
 Partriches wynges redily
 But lord/ the perry and richesse
 I sawe sytting on the goddesse
 And the heuynly melody
 Of songes full of armony
 I herde about her trone psonge
 That all the palays wall rong
 So longe the mighty muse she
 That cleped is/ Calpope
 And her seuyn sustern eke
 That in her faces semen meke
 And euermore eternally
 The song of fame tho herde I
 Herped be thou/ and thy name
 Goddes of renoun and of fame
 Tho was I ware/ at the last
 As I myne eyen gan by cast
 That this plike noble quene
 On her shulders gan sustene
 Bothe armes and the name
 Of tho/ that had large fame
 Alyxander and Hercules
 That with a sherte his lyfe byde lefe
 And thus founde I sytting this goddesse
 In noble honour and rycheffe
 Of whiche I spente a whyle nowte
 Other thynges to tellen powte
 Tho sawe I stande on thother syde

Strapght downe to the dozes wyde
 From the deys many a pyller
 Of metall/ that shone nat full clere
 But though they were of no rycheffe
 yet were they made of great nobles
 And in hem great sentence
 And folke of great and digne reuerence
 Of whiche to tell wyll I fonde
 Upon a pyller sawe I stonde
 Alderfirst/ there I lye
 Upon a pyller stonde on hys
 That was of lede and of yron fyne
 Hym that wrote the actes diuine
 The Ebrayke Iosaphus the olde
 That of iewes testes tolde
 And bare vpon his shulders hys
 The fame by of the Turpe
 And by hym/ there stoden seuyn
 Wyse and worthy/ for to neuyn
 To helpen hym bere by the charge
 It was so heuy and so large
 And for they wryten of batayles
 As well/ as of other marueyles
 Therfore was lo/this pyllere
 Of whiche I you tell here
 Of leed and yron bothe pwise
 For yron spartes metall is
 Whiche that god is of batayle
 And the leed withouten fayle
 Is lo/ the metall of Saturne
 That hath full large whele to turne
 To stande forthe on euery rowe
 Of hem/ whiche I coude knowe
 Though I by order hem nat tell
 To maken you to long to dwell
 These/ of whiche I gan rede
 There sawe I stande out of drede
 Upon a pyller hys and stronge
 That paynted was all endlonge
 With Tygres blode in euery place
 The Cholophan that byght Stace
 That bare of Thebes by the name
 Upon his sholders/ and the fame
 Also of cruell Achylles
 And by hym withouten lees
 Full wonder bygh vpon a pyller
 Of yron/ he the great Omer

And

The boke of fame.

And with hym Dares and Eneas
 Before/and eke he Lollyus
 And Guido eke/ de Columpnys
 And Englyshe Gautspye/ eke pwpys
 And eke of these / as I haue ioye
 Was busy for to heare by Troye
 So heuy was therof the fame
 That for to here it was no game
 But yet/ I gan full well espye
 Bytwene hem was a lyrell enuye
 Other sayd/ that Dier made lyes
 Feyning in his poetries
 And was to the Grekes sauorable
 Therfore helde he it but a fable
 Tho sawe I stande on a pyller
 That was of tymed prync clere
 The latyn poete Vergyle
 That hath bore by a long whyle
 The fame of Pius Eneas
 And nexte on a pyller was
 Of copper/ Venus clerke Dypde
 That hath shewen wonders wyde
 The great god of loue/ his fame
 And there he bare by well his name
 Upon this pyller/ also hys
 As I myght se it with myne eye
 For whiche this hall/ wherof I rede
 Was wate on heghth/length and bryde
 Well more by a thousande dele
 Than it was erst/that sawe I wele
 Tho sawe I on a pyller by
 Of prync wrought full sternly
 The great poete dan Lucan
 That on his sholders bare by than
 As hys as I might se
 The name of Iulys and Pompee
 And by hym stoden all these clerkes
 That wate of Romes mighty warres
 That if I wolde her names tell
 All to long must I dwell
 And than vpon a pyller stode
 Of Sulphure/ lyche as he were wode
 Dan Claudian/ sothe for to tell
 That bare by all the fame of Hell
 Of Pluto/and of Proserpyne
 That quene is of the derke pyne
 What shulde I more tell of this

The hall was all full pwpys
 Of hem that witen olde iestes
 As ben in trees rokes nestes
 Were all these iestes for to here
 But it is a full confuse maicre
 That they of wite/ and howe they hyghe
 But whyle that I behelde that syght
 I herde a noyse approchen blyue
 That fareth/ as bees don in an hyue
 Ayenst her tyme of our comyng
 Right suche a murmurpnyng
 Fre/ all the worlde semed me
 Tho gan I loke about me and se
 That there come entrynng in to the hall
 A ryght great company with all
 And that of fonzie regions
 Of all kyns conbycions
 That dwell in erthe/ vnder the moone
 Poore and riche/ and also soone
 As they were come in to the hall
 They gan on knees downe fall
 Before this like noble quene
 And sayd/ graunt vs lady shene
 Eche of vs/ of thy grace abone
 And some of hem she graunted some
 And some she warned well and saye
 And some she graunted the contrayre
 What there grace was I nyll
 For of these folke full well I wyll
 They had good fame eche deserued
 Although they were diuerly serued
 Right as her suster dame Fortune
 As wont to serue in comune
 Nowe herken/ howe she gan to paye
 Hem/ that gan her of grace praye
 And yet lo/ all this company
 Seyden sothe/ and nat a lye
 Madame sayd they/ we be
 Folke/ that here besechen the
 That thou graunt vs nowe good fame
 And let our workes haue good name
 In full recompensacioun -
 Of good workes/ gyue vs renoun
 I warne you quod she anone
 Ye gete of me good fame none
 By god/and therefore go your way
 Was quod they/ and weleway

Cell

The boke of fame:

Tell vs what your cause be
 For me lyst nat it quod she
 No wyght shall speke ywys
 Good ne harme/ne that ne this
 And with that worde/she gan to call
 Her messenger/ that was in the hall
 And badde that he shulde fast gone
 Upon payne to be blynde anone
 For Colus/ the god of wynde
 In Trace/ there ye shall hym fynde
 And bydde hym bring his clarion
 That is full dyuers of his sowne
 And it is cleped clere Laude
 With whiche he wont is to heraude
 Hem that me lyst/ pprayed he
 And also bydde hym/ howe that he
 Bring eke his other clarpon
 That hight Sclaundre/ in euery toun
 In whiche he wont is to diffame
 Hem that me lyst/ and do hem shame
 This messenger gan fast to gone
 And sonde/ where in a caue of ston
 In a councere that hight Trace
 This Colus/ with harde grace
 Helde the wyndes in distresse
 And gan hem/ vnder hym to presse
 That they gone/as the Beres roze
 He bonde/ and pressed hem so soze
 This messenger gan fyrst crye
 Ryse vp quod he/ and fast the hye
 Tyll thou at my lady be
 And take thy clarions eke with the
 And spede the fast: and he anone
 Toke to one that hight Tritone
 His clarion to beren tho
 And lette a certayne wynde go
 That bletwe so hidously and hye
 That it lefte nat a skye
 In all the welken long and brode
 This Colus/ no where abode
 Tyll he was come at fames fete
 And eke the man that Tryton hete
 And there he stode/as styll as ston
 And here withall there came anone
 An other huge company
 Of olde folke/ and gan to crye
 Lady/ graunt vs now good fame

And lette our workes haue that name
 Nowe in honour and gentynesse
 And also god your soule blesse
 For we han well deserued it
 Therefore is right/ that we be quyt
 As thine I quod she/ye shall sayle
 Good workes shall you nat aueyle
 To haue of me/ good fame as now
 But wote ye what: I graunt powe
 That ye shall haue a shewde name
 And wicked loos/ and worse fame
 Though ye good loos/ haue well deserued
 Nowe gothe your waye/ for ye ben serued
 And thou dan Colus/ quod she
 Take forthe thy trumpe anone lette se
 That is ycleped Sclaundre lyght
 And blowe her loos/ that euery wyght
 Speke of hem harme and shewdnesse
 In stede of good/and worthynesse
 For thou shalt trumpe all the contrayes
 That they haue done/ well and fayre
 Alas thought I/ what auentures
 Haue these soye creatures
 That they/among all the pces
 Shulde thus be shamed gyldesse
 But what: it must nedes be
 What dyde this Colus/but he
 Toke out his Blacke trumpe of bras
 That fouler than the deuyl was
 And gan this trumpe for to blowe
 As all the worlde shulde ouerthrowe
 Through out euery regyon
 Went his soule trumpes sowne
 As I wyte as a pellet out of a gonne
 Whan fyre is in to it romme
 And suche a smoke gan out wende
 Out of the foule trumpes ende
 Blacke/blo/grenyshe/ swartysh/rede
 As dothe/ whan men melte lede
 Lo/all on hye from the well
 And there to/ one thyng sawe I well
 That the farther that it ran
 The greater wexen it began
 As dothe the ryuer from a well
 And it stanke/as the pytte of hell
 Alas/ thus was her shame yronge
 And gyldesse/ on euery tonge

Tho

The booke of fame.

Tho came the thirde company
 And came vp to the deys on hye
 And downe on knees/they fell anone
 And sayden/ they ben everychone
 Folke that han full trewly
 Deserued fame rightfully
 And prayde/it myght be knowe
 Right as it is/ and for the blowe
 I graunt quod she/ for nowe me lyst
 That your good workes shalbe wylt
 And yet ye shall haue better loos
 Right in dyspyte of all your foos
 Than worthy is/ and that anone
 Lette nowe quod she/ thy trumpe gone
 Thou Colus/that is so blake
 And out thynne other trumpe take
 That hight Laude / and blowe it so
 That throughe the worlde/ her fame go
 All easely/and nat to fast
 That it be knowne at the last
 Full gladly/lady myne he sayd
 And out his trumpe of golde he brayde
 Anone/ and sette it to his mowthe
 And blew it Est/ west/and southe
 And Northe: as loude as any thonder
 That euery wight/hath of it wonder
 So brode it ran/ or that it stent
 And certesse/ all the byethe that went
 Out of his trumpe/ it smelled
 As men/a pytte full of baume beled
 Among a bakket full of roses
 This fauour dyde he to her loses
 And right with this/ I gan espy
 There came the fourthe company
 But certayne/ they were wonder felwe
 And gonme to stande on a rewe
 And sayden/ certesse lady bright
 We haue done well/ with all our myght
 But we ne kepe to haue fame
 Hyde our workes and our name
 For goddes loue/ for certesse we
 Hane surely done it for bounte
 And for no maner other thyng
 I graunt you all your askyng
 Quod she/ let all your workes be deed
 With that about I tourned my heed
 And saue anone the fyfte route

That to this lady gan loute
 And downe anone on knees fall
 And her tho / besoughten all
 To hyde her good workes eke
 And sayd/ they gyue nat a leke
 For fame / ne suche renoun
 For they/for contemplacioun
 And goddes loue/ had it wrought
 He of fame wolde they nought
 What quod she/ be ye woode
 And wene ye to do good
 And for to haue of that no fame
 Haue ye dyspyte to haue a name
 Nay/ye shall everychone
 Blowe thy trumpe/and that anone
 Quod she/ thou Colus I hote
 And ryng these folkes workes by note
 That all the worlde may of it here
 And he gan blowe her loos so clere
 In his golden clarioun
 That throught the worlde went the soun
 And so kyndly/and eke so softe
 That their fame was blowe a losse
 Tho came the fyfte company
 And gan fast to fame crye
 Right verily/in this manere
 They sayden / mercy lady ders
 To tell certayne/as it is
 We haue done nether that ne this
 But ydell/ all our lyfe hath be
 But natheles/ we pray the
 That we may haue so good a fame
 And great renome/and knownen name
 As they that haue do noble uestes
 And eschewed all her bestes
 As well of loue/ as other thyng
 All was vs neuer broche ne ryng
 He els what/fro women sent
 He ones in her hert yment
 To make vs frendly chere
 But mought teinen vs upon here
 yet lette vs to the people seme
 Suche as the worlde/may of vs deme
 That women loued vs/for wode
 That shall do vs as moche good
 And to our hert/ as moche auerle
 To counterpeyse ease and traueyle

The boke of fame.

As we had won with labour
 For that is dere bought treasour
 At regarde / of our great ease
 And yet ye must be moze please
 Lette us beholde / eke therto
 Worthy / wyse / and good also
 And riche / and happy vnto loue
 For goddes loue / that syttech aboue
 Though we may nat the body haue
 Of women / yet so god me saue
 Lette men blowe of us the name
 Suffyseth us / that we haue the fame
 I graunt quod she / be my trouthe
 Nowe Solus / withouten flouthe
 Take out thy trumpe of golde / quod she
 And blowe / as they haue asked me
 That euery man wene hem at ease
 Though they go in badde lease
 This Solus / gan it so blowe
 That through the worlde it was knowe
 Tho came the seuenth route anone
 And fyl on knees euerychone
 And said lady / graunt us soone
 The same thyng / the same done
 That to these nexte folke hath done
 I se on you quod she / euerychone
 Ye masti / wyne / ye ydell wretches
 Full of roten and slowe fetches
 What false theues / where ye wolde
 Ben famed good / and nothyng nolde
 Deserue why / ne neuer thought
 Men rather you / to hangen ought
 For ye be lyke the slepy catte
 That wolde haue fyl she / but wost þ what
 He wyl nothyng were his clawes
 Puell chyste come on your lawes
 And on myne / if I it graunt
 Or do fauour / you to auant
 Thou Solus / thou kyng of T race
 Go blowe this folke a soze grace
 Quod she anone / and wost thou howe
 As I shall tell the ryght nowe
 Say these ben they / that wolden honour
 Haue / and do no kyng labour
 And do no good / and yet hem laude
 That men wende / that bele I saude
 He coude hem nat of loue werne

And yet she that grynt at querne
 Is all to good to case her hert
 This Solus anone vp sterte
 And with his blacke clarioun
 Began to blasen out a soun
 As loude / as bellethe wynde in hell
 And eke the with sothe to tell
 This towne was full of fapes
 As euer mowes were in apes
 And that wente the worlde about
 That euery wight / gan on hem shoute
 And for to laugh / as they were wode
 Suche game founde they in her mode
 Tho came there another company
 That had ydone the trechery
 The harme / and great wickednesse
 That euery hert coude gesse
 And prayed hem to haue good fame
 And that she nolde do hem no shame
 But gyue hem loos / and good renoun
 And do it blowe in clarpoun
 Flay wys quod she / it were a byce
 All be there in me no iustyce
 We lyst nat to do it nowe
 He I nyl graunt it powe
 Tho came there creppng in a route
 And gan clappe all about
 Euery man vpon the crowne
 That all the hall gan sowne
 And sayd: lady lefe and dere
 We ben suche folkes / as ye may here
 To tell all the tale a right
 We ben shrewes euery wyght
 And haue delpte in wickednesse
 As good folke haue in goodnesse
 And ioye to be knowen shrewes
 And full of byce and wycked thewes
 Wherefore we praye you on a rowe
 That our fame be suche yknowe
 In all thyng / suche as it is
 I graunt it you quod she ywis
 But what arte thou / that sayest this tale
 That werest on thy hofe a pale
 And on thy tpyppet suche a bell
 Madame quod he / sothe to tell
 I am that ylike shewe ywis
 That bzent the temple of Iydis

The boke of fame.

In Athenes to that cite
 And wherfore dydest thou so quod she
 By my trouthe quod he madame
 I wolde fayne haue had a fame
 As other folke had at the towne
 Although they were of great renoune
 For her vertue and her chetyse
 Thought I as great fame haue shewes
 Though it be for shrewdnesse
 As good folke haue for goodnesse
 And sythen I may nat haue that one
 That other myll I nat forgone
 As for to gete a fame here
 The temple sette I on fyre
 Nowe lette out loobes blower wythe
 As wisely be thou euer blythe
 Gladly quod he thou Colus
 Herest thou nat what they mepen by
 Madame yes full well quod he
 And I wyll crumpe it parde
 And toke his blacke crumpe fall
 And gan to puffen and to blast
 Tyll it was at the wyndes ende
 With that I gan about wende
 For one that stode at my bak
 We thought full goodly to me spake
 And sayd frende what is thy name
 Arte thou came hyder to haue fame
 Nay for sothe frende quod I
 I come nat hyder geamercy
 For no suche cause by myn heed
 Suffyleth me as I were deed
 That no wyght haue my name in honde
 I wotte my selfe best howe I stonde
 For what I dyde or what I thynke
 I wyll my selfe all it dyanke
 Certayne for the moze parte
 As far forth as I can myne arte
 What doest thou here than quod he
 Quod I that wyll I tell the
 The cause why I stande here
 Some newe thynges for to lere
 Some newe thyng I nat what
 Thynges eyther this or that
 Of loue or suche thynges glade
 For certainly he that me made
 To come hyder sayd to me

I shulde bothe here and se
 In this place wonder thynges
 But these be no suche thynges
 As I ment so quod he
 And I anfwerde no parde
 For well I wotte euer yet
 Sithe that first I had wyte
 That some folke han desyred fame
 Diuersly and loobes and name
 But certainly I myll nere home
 Where that fame dwelleth or nowhe
 He eke of her discripcon
 He also of her condycion
 He the order of her dome
 Knewe I nat tyll I hyder come
 Why than be to these thynges
 That thou nowe hyder bringes
 That thou hast herde quod he to me
 But nowe no force for well I se
 What thou desyrest for to here
 Come forth and stande no longer here
 And I wyll the withouten drede
 In to suche another place lede
 There thou shalt here many one
 Tho gan I forthe with hym gone
 Out of the castell sathe to say
 Tho sawe I stande in a baley
 Under a castell fast by
 In house lyke to Domus Medaly
 That Laborinus pepled is
 Has made so wonderly wyse
 He halfe so queintly ywrought
 And euer mo as I wyte as thought
 This queynr house about went
 That neuer mo styll it sent
 And there come out so grene a noyse
 That if I had stonde upon Oyle
 I myght it haue herde easely
 To Rome I troue likerly
 And the noyse whiche I had herde
 For all the world right so it ferde
 As dothe the coupyng of the stone
 That fro thengyn is letyn gone
 And all this house of whiche I rede
 Was made of twygges salowe rede
 And grene eke and some were whyte
 Suche as men to these gates thwyte

The booke of fame.

Of maken of these pampers
 Of els hattes of dollers
 But for the swough/ and for the troygges
 This house was also full of gygges
 And eke also full of chyrkynge
 And of many other workynge
 And eke this house hath of entrees
 As many/ as leues ben on trees
 In somer/ whan they ben grene
 And on the rose/ men may sene
 A thousande holes/ and many mo
 To letten the sowne out go
 And by day in euery tyde
 Ben all the dozes open wyde
 And by nyght/ eche one bishette
 He parte is there none to lette
 No maner tidynge out to pace
 He neuer rest is in that place
 That it nys fylled full of tidynge
 Epyther loude/ or in whispynges
 And ouer all the house in angles
 Is full of cownyng/ and of iangles
 Of restes/ of labour/ and of byages
 Of warres/ of peace/ and of mariages
 Of abode/ of dethe/ and of lyfe
 Of loue/ of hate/ accorde/ or stryfe
 Of losse/ of loze/ and of wynnynge
 Of hele/ of sickenelle/ or of lesynge
 Of fayre wether/ and eke of tempestes
 Of qualme/ of foules/ and of beestes
 Of dyuers transmutacions
 Of estates/ and eke of regyons
 Of trust/ of drede/ of ialousy
 Of wytte/ of wynnynge/ of folly
 Of plentie/ and of great samyne
 Of chepe/ of derthe/ and of ruyne
 Of good/ and of mys gouernment
 Of fyre/ and of dyuers accydent
 And lo/ this house of whiche I write
 Syker be ye/ it nas nat lyte
 For it was litte myle of length
 All was the tymbre of no strength
 yet it was founded to endure
 Whyle that it lyst to aduenture
 That is the mother of tidynge
 As the see/ of welles and springes
 And it was shapen lyke a cage

Certelle quod I/ in all myne age
 He sawe I suche an house/ as this
 And as I wonderd me/ pwyse
 Upon the house that was full hye
 I sawe/ howe myne Egle fast by
 Was perched hye vpon a stone
 And I gan streight to hym gone
 And sayd thus/ I praye the
 That thou a while abyde me
 For goddes loue/ and let me sene
 What wonders in that place bene
 For yet parauenture/ I may lere
 Some good therin/ or som what here
 That lese me were/ or that I went
 Peter: that is now myne entent
 Quod he/ and here therfore I dwell
 But certayne/ one thyng I the tell
 That but if I bring the therin
 He shall thou neuer come the gyn
 To come in to it/ out of dout
 So fast it whyzleth/ lo about
 But sithe that I oues of his grace
 As I haue sayd/ wyll the solace
 Finally/ with these thynges
 Uncouth syght/ and tidynge
 To passe with thyne heupnesse
 Suche routhe hath he/ of thy distresse
 That thou suffrestest debonairely
 And wost thy selfe vtterly
 Desperate/ of all maner blysse
 Sithe that fortune hath made a mysse
 The swote of all thyne hertes rest
 Languysshe/ and eke in poynt to brest
 But he wyll/ through his myghtie mercy
 Do the an ease/ all be it lyte
 And gaue in expresse comaundement
 To whiche I am obedyent
 To forther the/ with all my might
 And wyse/ and teche the a right
 Where thou mayst most tidynge here
 Thou shalt here many/ one lere
 With this worde/ he right anone
 Bent me by bytwene his tone
 And at a wyndowe/ in me brought
 Whiche on this house was/ as me thought
 And there withall/ me thought it sent
 And nothyng it about went
 And me

The boke of fame.

And me sette in the floore adowne
 But whiche a great congregacioun
 Of folke/ as I sawe come about
 Some within and some without
 As neuer sene/ ne shalbe este
 That certesse/ in the worlde nys leste
 So many formed by nature
 As deed/ so many a creature
 That well bnneth in that place
 Had I one fote bzede of space
 And every wight/ that I sawe there
 Rownded everyche in others eare
 A newe tidying/ priuely
 Or els it tolde all openly
 Right thus/ and sayd: nost nat thou
 That is be tydde/lo right nowe
 No quod he/ tell me what
 And than he tolde hym/ this and that
 And I wore therto/that it was sothe
 Thus hath he sayd/ and thus he dothe
 And this shalbe/ and thus herde I saye
 That shalbe founde/ that dare I laye
 That all the folke that is on lyue
 As haue the connyng to discryue
 Tho thynges that I herde there
 What a loude/ and what in eare
 But all the wonder/most was this
 Whan one had herde a thyng twis
 He came forth vnto another wyght
 And gan hym tellen anone right
 The same/that was to hym tolde
 Or it a furlonge way was colde
 And gan somwhat for to eche
 To this tidying in his speche
 More than euer it spoken was
 And nat so soone departed nas
 Tho fro hym/ that he ne mette
 With the thirde/and or he lette
 Any flounde/ he tolde hym alse
 Were the tidynges sothe or false
 yet wolde he tell it natheles
 And euer mo/ with more encrees
 Than it was erst/thus nothe & southe
 Went euery tidying/ fro mouth to mouthe
 And that redressyng euermo
 As fyre is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparckle sprongen amys

Till all a cytie bzent by is
 And whan that was full by spronge
 And waken more on euery tonge
 Than euer it was/and went anone
 Up to a wyndowe out to gone
 Or but it myght out there passe
 It gan out crepe at some creuasse
 And flewe forth/ fast for the nones
 And somtyme I sawe there atones
 A leysing/ and a sothe sayd sawe
 That gonnen of auenture drawe
 Out at a wyndowe for to pace
 And whan they metten in that place
 They were a checked bothe two
 And neyther of hem myght out go
 And with the noyse of hem two
 I sodainly awoke anone tho
 And remembred what I had sene
 And howe hys and ferre I had bene
 In my goost/ and had great wonder
 Of that the god of thonder
 Had let me knowen/ and began to wyte
 Lyke/as ye haue herde me endyte
 Wherfore to study and rede alway
 I purpose to do/ day by day
 Thus in dremyng and in game
 Endethe this lytell boke of fame.

There is no more of this foresaid worke/
 for as it may be wele vnderstande/ this no-
 ble man Geoffrey Chaucer/ synnished it at
 the said conclusyon of the metyng of leysyng
 and sothsaye: Where (as yet) they ben chec-
 ked and may nat departe. Whiche worke as
 me semeth/is craftely made/ and digne to be
 wryten & knowen: for he toucheth in it right
 great wysedome and subtell vnderstadyng/
 and so in all his workes he excelleth in myn
 opinyon/ all other wryters in Englyshe/ for
 he writeth no boyde wordes/but all his ma-
 ter is full of hys & quicke sentence/ to whom
 ought to be gyuen laude & praisse/ for his no-
 ble makyng and wrytyng: And I humbly be-
 seche & pray you amog your prayers/to re-
 membre his soule/on whiche/& on all christen
 soules/ I beseeche Iesu haue mercy. Amen.
 Also here foloweth another of his workes.

The assemble of foules.



The lyfe so short/ & craft so long to lerne
 That say so harde/ so sharpe the cōquering
 The shydder ioye/ & alway shydde so perne
 All this meane I by loue/ that my felyng
 Astonyeth so/ with a bredfull workyng
 So sore swys/ that whan I on him thynke
 Nat wote I well/ wheder I wake oz wynte

For albeit that I/ knowe nat loue in dede
 He wote/ howe he quyteth folke her hyre
 yet happeth me/ in bokes ofte to rede
 Of his myracles/ and of his cruell pre
 There rede I well/ he wyl be lorde & hyre
 Dare I nat say/ his strokes ben so sore
 But god saue suche a lorde/ I can no more

Of blage/ what for lust/ what for loze
 On bokes rede I ofte/ as I you tolde
 But why that I spoke all this nat yore
 I gone: it happed me for to beholde
 Upon a boke / was writte with letters olde
 And ther byon/ a certayne thyng to lerne
 The long day I reed/ full fast and perne

For out of olde felde/ as men saythe
 Cometh all this newe corne fro yere to yere
 And out of olde bokes/ in good saythe
 Cometh all this newe science/ that men lere
 But now to purpose/ of my fyrst matere
 To rede forthe/ gan me so delyre
 That all the day/ thought me but a lyte.

This

The assemble of foules.

This boke/ of whiche I make mencion
Entpuled was/ all there I shall you tell
Tullius/ of the dreame of Scipion
Chapiters it had seven/ of heuyn and hell
And erthe/ and soules that therein dwell
Of whiche/ as shortly as I can treat
Of his sentence/ I wyll tell the great.

First telleth it/ whan Scipion was coe
In to Affrike/ howe he mette Mallynisse
That hym for ioye/ in armes hath ynome
Than telleth he her spech/ and all the blyffe
That was bitwix hem/ tyll þ day gan misse
And howe his auncestre/ Affrican so dere
Can in his slepe/ that nyght to hym appere

Than tolde he hym/ that fro a sterre place
Howe Affrican hath hi Cartage yshewde
And warned hym befoze/ of all his grace
And said to hym: what man lerned oz leude
That loueth comen ppyte/ well ythewde
He shall vnto a blyf full place wende
There ioye is/ that lasteth without ende

Than asked he/ if the folke þ here be dede
Haue lyfe/ and dwelling in another place
And Affrike said/ ye without drede
And our present worldes lynes space (ce
Beneth but a maner deth what way we tra
And rightfull folke shall go/ whan they dye
To heuyn/ and shewed hym the galaxye

Than shewed he him þ lytell erthe þ here is
At regarde of heuyns quantyte
And after shewed he hym the nyne speres
And after that/ the melody herde he
That cometh of thylike speres thysse thre
That well is/ of musyke and melodye
In this worlde/ and cause of armony

Than hadde he hym se/ the erthe þ is so lyte
And was somdele full of herde grace
That he ne shulde hym in the worlde depyte
Than tolde he hym/ in certayne peres space
That euery starre shulde coe in to his place
There it was fyrst/ & all shall out of mynde
That i this worlde was done of almaynde

Than prayed he Scipion to tell hym all
The way/ to come to heuyns blyffe
And he sayd: knowe thy selfe fyrst mortall
And loke aye busely/ thou worke and wyffe
To comen ppyte/ & thou shalt neuer myffe
To come swyftly/ vnto that place dere
That full of blyffe is/ and soules clere

But brekers of the lawe/ sothe for to sayne
And lecherous folke/ after that they be deed
Shall alway whyle about therthe in payne
Tyll many a worlde be passed out of drede
And than foryeuen hem all her wycked dede
Than shall they come vnto þ blyf full place
To which to coe/ god sende eche louer grace

The day gan fayle/ and the derke nyght
That reueth beestes/ from her busynesse
Bereste me my boke/ for lacke of lyght
And to my bedde/ I gan me for to dresse
Fulpylled with thought/ & busy heuynesse
For bothe I had thyng whiche that I nolde
And eke I ne had/ thyng that I wolde

But finally/ my spryite at the last
For wery of my labour all the day
Toke rest/ that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe/ I mette as I lay
Howe Affrican/ right in that selfe aray
That Scipion hym sawe/ befoze that tyde
Was comen/ & stode right at his bedde, spde

The wery hunter/ slepyng in his bedde
To wodde agayne/ his mynde gothe anone
The iuge dremeth/ how his plects be spedde
The carter dremeth/ howe his cartes gone
The riche of golde/ þ knight fight w his fon
The sicke meteth/ he drinketh of the ton
The louer meteth/ he hath his lady won

I can nat sape/ if that the cause were
For I reed had/ of Affrican befoze
That me to mete/ that he stode there
But thus said he: þ hast the so well bozne
In lokyng of myne olde boke all to tozne
Of whiche/ Macrobie taught nat a lyte
That sodele of thy labour/ wolde I þ quyte
Cytherea

The assemble of foules.

Cytherea/ thou blisfull lady swete (left
That with thy fyr bynde/dairest whoe the
And madest me/this sweneen for to mete
Be thou my helpe in this/ for I mayst best
As wisely/as I sawe the northe northe well
Whan I began/ my sweneen for to write
So geue me myght/to ryme and to endite

This forsaide African/ me hent anone
And forthe w hym/ vnto a gate me brought
Right of a parke/walled with grene stone
And ouer þ gate/w letters large p wrought
There were verses written/as me thought
On eyther halfe/of full great difference
Of which I shall you say/þ playne sentence

Thugh me men go/in to þ blisfull place
Of hertes heale/and deedly woundes cure
Thugh me men go/vnto the well of grace
There grene & lusty May shall euer endure
This is the way/to all good auenture
Be gladde thou reder/ & thy sorowe of cast
All open am I/passe in and hys the fast

Thugh me me go/than spake þ other syde
Vnto the mortall stroke of the spere
Of whiche disdayne and danger/ is þ gyde
Their tree shall neuer frute ne leaues bere
This streame you ledeth/to þ sorowfull were
There as the fylle in prison is all drie
The eschewyng/ is the remedy

These fles of golde & asure/ p written were
Of whiche I gan/ astonyed to beholde
For with that one/encreased aye my feare
And with that other/ gan my hert to holde
That one me hette/that other dyd me colde
No wytte had I/ for errour for to chese
To entre or fye/ or me to saue or lese

Right as bitwixe adamantes two
Of eyn weyght/ a peyce of yron set
That hath no myght to meue to ne fro
For what one may hale/ that other doth let
So fared I/that I nyist where me was bet
To entre or leaue/tyll African my gyde
He hent and shoue/ in at the gates wyde

And sayd/ it standeth written in thy face
Thyne errour/though thou tell it nat me
But drede the nat/ to come in to this place
For this writing/is nothyng ment by the
He be none/ but he loues seruaunt be
For thou of loue/hast lost thy tast I gesse
As sicke man hath/of swete & bytter nelle

But natheles/ although thou be dull
That thou canst nat do/ yet mayst thou se
For many a man/ þ may nat stande a pull
yet lyketh hym/ at the wiestly for to be
And demerth yet/ wheder he do bet or he
And if thou haddest conyng/ for renyte
I shall the shewe/mater of to write

And with that my hãde in his he toke anone
Of whiche I confort caught/ & went in fast
But loyde so I was gladde/and well begon
For ouer all/where I myne eyen cast
were trees cladde w leaues/þ aye shall last
Eke in his bynde/ w colour freshe & grene
As emeraude/ that ioye was to sene

The bylder oke/ and eke the hardy as the
The pyller elme/ the coffer vnto careyne
The bore pype tre/ holme to whyppes lasse
The sayling fyre/þ cypress derthe to playne
The shoter ewe/ the aspe for shaftes playne
The olyue of peace/ & eke the drunken vyne
The victor palme/ the laurer to diuyn

I gardeyn sawe I/full of blossomed bolwis
Upon a ruer/ in a grene mede
There as I wetnesse/ euermore ynough is
With floures whyte/ blew/ yelow/ & rede
And colde well streames/nothyng dede
And swymyng full/ of small fulles lyght
With fynnes reder and scales syluer bright

On euery bough/the bydes herde I syng
With voice of angell/ in their armony
That busyd the/ their bydes forth to brig
The lytle praty conys/to their play gan by
And further about/ I gan espy
The dedefull mo/þ bucke/ the hert & hynde
Squyrell and beestes small of getyll bynde

On

The assemble of foules.

On instrumentes of swynges in a corde
 Herde I so play/ and causyng swetnesse
 That god/that maker is of all/ and lord
 He herde neuer better/ as I gesse
 Ther with a wynd/ bryneth it might be lesse
 Made in the leues greene/ a noyse softe
 Accordant to the foules songe on lofte

The ayre of þ place/ so attreped was (colde
 That neuer was greunace there/ of hote ne
 There groweth euery holsome spice & gras
 No man may there/ waxe sicke ne olde
 Yet was there more tope a thousande folde
 Than I can tell/ or euer coude or myght
 There is euer clere day/ and neuer myght

Under a tree/ besyde a well I lay
 Cupide our lord/ his arrowes forge & fyle
 And at his fere/ his bowe all redy lay
 And his doughter tempted all the while
 The heedes in the well/ with harde fyle
 She couched the after/ as they shulde serue
 Some to flee/ & some to wolde and carue

Ther was I wate of pleasure anone right
 And of array/ lust/ beaute/ and curtesy
 And of þ craft/ that can and hath the might
 To go before a wyght to do folp
 Disfigured was she/ I wyl nat lye
 And by hym self/ vnder an oke I gesse
 Sawe I Delite/ that stode with getynesse

Then sawe I Beaute/ with a nyce atyre
 And youthe/ full of game and soltyre
 Folehardynesse/ flattery and Desyre
 Gallagery/ Deceit/ and other thyr
 Their names shall nat be tolde for me
 And upon pylers great/ of Jasper long
 I sawe a temple of brasse founded strong

And about the temple daunced allway
 Women pnowe/ of whiche some were
 Fayre of the selfe/ & some of them were gay
 In byrtylls all disheueled went they there
 That was their office euer/ fro yere to yere
 And on the temple/ sawe I whyte and fayre
 Of dounes sitting/ many a thousande payre

And besyde the temple doze full soberly
 Dame Peace satte/ a curtepye in her honde
 And her besyde/ wonder discretely
 Dame Pacience/ spring there I fonde
 With face pale/ vpon an hyll of sonde
 And alther nexte/ within and without
 Behest and arte/ and of their folke a rout

Within the temple/ of sighes hote as fyre
 I herde a swough/ that gan about ren
 Whiche sighes were engendred with desyre
 That made euery auter for to bren
 Of newe flaume/ and I espyed than
 That all the cause of sorowes that they dy
 Come of the bytter goddes Ialousy

The god Hyriapus/ sawe I as I went
 Within þ temple/ in sonerayne place stonde
 In such array/ as whan þ alle hym shent
 With crye be night/ & with ceptre in honde
 Full busely/ men gan assay and fonde
 Upon his heed/ to sette of sondre beue
 Garlandes/ full of frellhe floures newe

And in a preup corner/ in dispozte
 Founde I Venus/ and her poxer riches
 That was full noble & haut of her poxe
 Berke was that place/ and after lyghnesse
 I sawe a lyte/ vnder thes it myght be lesse
 And on a bedde of golde/ she laye to rest
 Tyll that the hote sonne/ gan to west

Her gyfte heeres/ with a golde chrede
 ybounde were/ vntressed as she lay
 And naked/ from the brest vnto the hede
 Open myght her se/ and sothely for to say
 The remynant/ couered well to my pay
 Right with a subtil her cheke of balence
 There was no thycker clothe/ of defence

The place gafe a thousande sauours sote
 And Bacchus god of wyne/ late her besyde
 And Ceres nexte/ that dothe of hunger bote
 And/ as I sayd/ a myddes lay Cuppe
 To whom on knees/ the pong folkes cryde
 To be their helpe/ but thus I lette her lye
 And farther in the temple/ I gan espye

That

The assemble of foules.

That in dyspyte of **O**pans the chaste
Full many a bowe ybroke/ henge on þ wall
Of maydens/ such as gan her tymes wast
In her seruyce: and paynted ouer all
Of many a storie/ of whiche I touche shall
A fewe/ as of **C**alypte and **A**thalant
And many a mayd/ of which þ name I wat

Semiramys/ **C**andace/ and **H**ercules
Biblis/ **O**pido/ **T**yl be/ and **P**yramus
Crisstram/ **I**loude/ **P**aris/ & **A**chilles
Helene/ **C**leopatre/ and **T**roilus
Sylla/ and eke the mother of **R**omulus
All these were paynted on that other syde
And all their loue/ & in what plite they did

Whan I was come apen/ in to that place
That I of spake/ þ was so swete & grene
For he walked I tho/ my selfe to solace
Tho was I ware/ where there sate a quene
That as of lycht/ the somer sonne shene
Ballett the berres/ right so ouer measure
She sayet was/ than any creature

And in a lallinde/ by an hyll of floures
Was sette this noble goddess of Nature
Of braunches were her halles & her bowres
y wrought/ after her crafte and by measure
As there nas foule/ þ cometh of engedure
But there was prest/ in her presence
To take her dome/ and geue her audyence

For this was on saynt Valentynes day
Whan euery foul/ cometh to chese her make
Of euery kynde/ that men thynke may
And that so huge a noyse gan they make
That erthe/ see/ and tree/ and euery lake
So full was/ that bnneth there was space
For me to stande/ so full was all the place

And right as Mayne/ in the pleint of kynde
Deuyseth nature/ of suche array and face
In suche aray/ men might her there fynde
This noble emperesse full of grace
Badde euery foule/ to take her owne place
As they were wont/ alway fro yere to yere
On saynt Valentynes day/ to stande there

That is to say/ the foules of rauyne
Were hyghest set/ and than the foules smale
That eaten/ as that nature wolde enclpne
As womme/ or thing of whiche I tell no tale
But water foule/ satte lowest in the dale
And foules þ lyueth be sede/ sat on þ grene
And that so many/ that wonder was to sene

There might men/ the royall **E**gle fynde
That with his sharpe loke/ perseyth the son
And other **E**gles/ of a lower kynde
Of whiche that clerkes/ well deuysen com
There was the tyrant w his fethers don
And grene/ I mene þ goshaue þ dothe pay
To byrd/ for his outrageous rauayne (ne

The geryll faucon/ þ w his fete distreyneth
The kynges hande/ and the sperhanke eke
The quaples foe/ the merlyon that peyneth
Hym selfe full ofte/ the lakke for to seke
There was the doume/ with her eyen meke
The ielous swan/ þ ayenst his deche sigeth
The oule eke/ that of derche the bode brigheth

The crane/ the geant/ w his troupe of solwe
The thefe the chough/ & the chatterng ppe
The scornng Jape/ the **E**gles foe heroun
The false lapyng/ full of trechery
The stare/ that the counsaile can betwize
The tame Ruddyoke/ and the coward kpte
The Cocks/ that hozloge is/ of thorppe lyte

The sparowe Venus son/ & the nightyngale
That clepeth forth/ the freshe floures newe
The swalowe/ murderer of the flyes smale
That maken hony of floures fresh of hewe
The wedded turtell/ with his hert trewe
The pecoche/ with his angell feathers bryght
The felaunt/ corner of the cocke by nyght

The waker goos/ þ ruckowe euer bnynde
The poppyngay/ full of delycasy
The drake/ corner of his owne kynde
The storke/ worker of auowtry
The hote cormeraunt/ full of glotony
The rauyn & the crowe/ w her voice of care
The throstell olde/ and the frosty feldfare

What

The assemble of foules.

What shulde I say/ of foules of every kynde
That i this worlde/haue fethers & stature
When myght in that place/ assembled fynde
Before that noble goddess of nature
And eche of them/ dyde his busy cure
Benignely to chese / or for to take
By his accorde/ his formell or his make

But to the poynt/ nature helde on her hāde
A formell Egge/ of shappe the gentylest
That euer she among her workes sonde
The most benigne/ and eke the goodlyest
In her was every vertue/ at his rest
So farforth/ that nature her selfe had blisse
To loke on her / and ofte her herbe to kysse

Nature/ the bycar of the almighty lord
That hote/ colde/ derke/ lyght/ moyst/ & drye
Hath knytte/ by euyn nombre of accorde
In easy voice/ began to speke and say
Foules take heede/ of my sentence I pray
For your own ease/ in fordyng of your nede
As fast as I may speke/ I wyll me spede

ye knowe well/ howe on saint Walēynes day
By my statute/ & thugh my gouernance
ye do chese your makes/ & after flye away
With them / as I pryche you with plesance
But natheles/ as by rightfull ordynance
May I nat let/ for all this worlde to wryn
But he that most worthy is/ shall begyn

The terrell Egge/ as ye knowe full wele
The foule royall/ aboue you all in degre
The wyse & worthy/ the secreete true as stele
The whiche I haue formed/ as ye may se
In every parte/ as it best lyketh me
It nedeth nat/ his shappe you to deupse
He shall fyrst speke/ and chese in his gyse

And after hym/ by order shall ye chese
After your kynde/ eueriche as you lyketh
And as your happe is/ shall ye wryn or lese
But whiche of you / y loue most entriketh
God sende hym her/ y sozest for hym speth
And there withall/ the Terrell gan she call
And said my sonne/ the choise is to the fall

But natheles/ on this condycion
Must be the chose/ of eueriche that is here
That she agre/ to this election
Who so it be/ that shulde be his fere
This is our blage alway fro yere to yere
And who so at this tyme/ haue his grace
In blyf full tyme/ he came in to this place

With heed enclyned/ & with full hūble chere
This royall Terrell spake/ & tarted nought
Unto my souerayne lady/ and nat my fere
I chese & chesse/ with wyll/ hert/ & thought
The formell on your hāde so well pwyght
Whose I am all / and euer wyll her serue
Do what her lust/ to do me lyue or sterue

Besechyng her of mercy/ and of grace
As she that is / my lady souerayne
Or lette me dye/ here present in this place
For certesse/ long may I nat lyue in payne
For in my hert/ is conuen every bayne
Hauyng regarde onely to my trouthe
My dere hert/ haue on my wo some routh

And if I be founde to her vntrewe
Disobeysaunt / or wyfull negligent
A bauntour/ or in processe loue a newe
I pray to you/ this be my iugement
That with these foules/ I be all to rent
That pike day / that she me euer fynde
To her vntrewe/ or in my gylte vnkynde

And sythe that none loueth her/ so well as I
Although she neuer/ of loue me bebet
Than ought she be wyne/ thugh her mercy
For other bonde/ can I none on her knet
For wele no/ wo / neuer shall I lette
To serue her/ howe farre so that she wende
Say what you lyst/ my tale is at an ende

Right/ as the freshe reed wose newe
Agaynst the somer sonne/ coloured is
Right so for shame/ all waren gan the betwe
Of this formell/ whan she herde all this
Nether she anfwered well/ ne said amys
So fore abasshed was she/ tyll that Nature
Said doughter/ dyede ye nat/ I you assure
Another

The assemble of foules.

Another cartell Eagle spake ahone
Of lowe bynde & said: that shulde nat be
I loue her better than ye do/ by saynt Ione
Or at leest/ I loue her as well as ye
And longer haue serued her in my degre
And if she shulde haue loued/ for long lough
To me alone/ had be the guerdonyng

I dare eke say/ if she me synde false
Unkynde (angier) or rebell in any wyse
Or ielous/ do me hange by the halle
And but I beate me in her scrupce
As well/ as my wyte can misluffe
fro poynt to poynt/ her honour for to saue
Take she my lyfe/ and all the good I haue

The thirde tetrall Eagle and wored the
Howe lirs/ ye se the lreall leylar here
for every foule cryeth out to be ago
for the with his make/ or with his lady bere
And eke her selfe/ he wyl nought here
for tarryng her/ nat haue that I wolde say
And but I speke/ I must for so/owe be

Of longe scrupce/ anount I me nothyng
But as possible is/ me to dye to day
for wo/ as he that hath be languysshynge
This twente wynter/ & well happen may
A man may serue better/ and indle to pay
In halfe a yere/ although it were no more
Than for man dothe/ & hath fuled full yore

I ne say nat this by me/ for I ne can
Do no scrupce/ that may my lady please
But I dare say/ I am the trowest man
As to my dome/ & saynest wolde her please
At shorte wordes/ till that dethe me cease
I wyl be her s/ whether I wake or wylke
And trewe/ at all that best may be thynke

Of all my lyfe/ the that day I was borne
So gentyll plee/ in loue or other thyng
He herde neuer no man/ me before
Who that had leylar and connyng
for to reherce their chere/ & thest spekyng
And from the morowe gan this speche fall
Till downwarde went/ the son wonder fall

The noyle of foules/ for to be delpyered
So loude range: haue done & let us wende
That well wende I/ & wood all to shuiered
Come of they cove/ alas ye wyl by shende
Wha shall your cursed pedyg haue an ende
Howe shulde I luge/ eether partle leue &
for ye or nay/ with out any pteue

The goos the ducks/ and the ruckowe also
So cryed heke heke ruckowe quike the hys
That though myn eares/ the noyse went tho
The goos said/ all this nys wonha lye
But I can shape herof a remedy
And wyl say my berdyte/ saye & swythe
for water fould/ who so be sadde or blythe

And I for womfoule/ said & sole cuckowe
for I wyl of myne owne authorite
for comen spede/ take on me & charge now
for to delpyer by/ & great charyts
ye may abyde a while/ yet parde
And the tetrall/ if be your wyl (styll)
I wylt may speke/ hym there as good be

I am a fode foule/ on the batworthpest
That wot I well/ and tell of connyng
But better is/ that a wigher longe rest
Than entremete hym of such doynge
Of whiche he neyther tede can no syng
And who so it dothe/ that foule hys selfe aloy
for offe vncorrupted/ vnto anopeth (eth)

Nature/ whiche that alway had an eare
To murmure of the leudnesse behynde
In fadde boyes said/ holde your tongz there
And I shall soone/ I hope a coulaile fynde
you for to delpyer/ & fro this noyse vnbrynde
I luge/ of every folke men shall one call
To say the serupce/ of you foules all

Assented were/ to this conclusyon
The bydes all/ and foules of raupne
Hane cholen fynt/ by playne election
The tetrall of the faucon to dyfpyne
All her sentence/ and as hym lust to termyne
And to Nature/ hym they dyde present
And he accepteth hym with gladde entent

The assemble of foules.

The tarcellet said than/ in this manere
Full harde it were/ to proue it by reason
Who loueth best/ this gentyll formell here
For eueryche hath suche replecion
That by skylles/ may non be brough aboun
I can nat se/ that argumentes aueyle
Than semeth it/ there must be bateyle

Alredy quod these Egles tarcelles tho
Say sirs quod he/ if that I durst it say
ye do me wronge / my tale is nat ydo
For sirs/ taketh nat a grete I pray
It may nat be as ye wolde / in this way
Durst is þ boyce/ þ haue the charge in hāde
And to the iuges dome/ ye must stande

And therfore I say/ as to my wyt
He wolde thynke/ howe that the worthiest
Of knighthode/ and lengest had bled it
Most of estate/ of blode the gentyllest
Were sytting to her/ if that her lest
And of these thyng/ she wote her selfe I trowe
Whiche that he be/ for it is lyght to knowe

The water foules/ haue their heedes layde
Toguyder/ and of shorte auysemene
Whan eueryche had his herdyte sayd
They said sothely/ all by one assent
Howe that the goos/ with her saconde gent
That so despyeth/ to pronounce our nede
Shall tell our tale/ & prayed god her spede

And for these water foules tho began
The gose to speke/ and in her cakelyng
Said peace now/ take kepe euery man
And herken/ whiche a reason I shall bring
My wytte is shorte / I loue no taryng
I say/ I reed hym/ tho he were my brother
But she wyll loue him/ let hym loue another

Lo here a partyte reason of a gose
Quod the sparhauke/ neuer mote she the
Lo/ suche a thyng it is to haue a tonge lose
Nowe parde sole/ it were better for the
Haue holde thy peace/ than shewde thy nice
It lyeth nat in his wyt/ nor in his wyll (te
But sothe is said/ a solet an nat be skyll

The laughter arose/ of gentyll foules all
And right anon/ the seide foules chosen had
The turtell true/ and dyde her to them call
And praye her to save/ the sothe sadde
Of this mater/ and as ked what she radde
And she ans werde/ that plainly her entent
She wolde shewe/ & sothely what she ment

May/ god forbode a louet shulde chaunge
The turtell said/ & werde for shame all reed
Though þ his lady / euermore be straunge
yet let hym serue her alway/ tyll he be deed
Forsothe/ I prayse nought the goles reed
For tho she dyed/ I wolde no other make
I wyll be hers/ tyll that the deithe me take

Well yboured quod the duche/ by my hat
That men shulde loue alway causelesse
Who can a reason fynde or wyt in that
Daunceth he mery/ that is myrthlesse
Who shulde reche/ of that is rechelesse
ye queke quod the duche/ full well & saye
There be mo sterres in the skye than apere

Nowe sye churle/ quod the gentyll tercelet
Out of the donghyll/ came þ wo:de aright
Thou canst nat se/ which thyng is well beset
Thou farest by loue/ as oules do by lyght
The day the blideth/ ful wel they se by nyst
Thy kynde is of so lowe a wretchednesse
That what loue is/ þ canst nat se nor gesse

Tho gan the cuckowe/ put hi selfe in prace
For foule that eteth woyme/ & said as blyue
So I quod he/ may haue my make in peace
I reche nat howe long that ye stryue
Let eche of them be so eyne all their lyue
This is my rede/ sihe they may nat accorde
This shorte lesson/ it nedeth nat to recorde

ye haue þ gloton fylled ynough his paũche
Than are we well/ said the meilyn
Thou murderer of hayloge on the braũche
That brought the forth/ thou rusfull gloton
Lpue thou soleyne/ woymes corrupcion
For no force is/ for lacke of thy nature
Go/ leude be thou/ whyle thy lyfe may dure
Nowe

The assemble of foules.

Nowe please yf Nature / I comaunde here
 For I haue herde / all your opinyon
 And in effecte / yet be we neuer the nere
 But finally / this is my conclusyon
 That she her selfe / shall haue her election
 Of who her lust / who so be wrothe or blythe
 Him yf she cheseth / he shall she haue I withe

For sithe it may nat here / discussed be
 Who loueth her best / as sayd the Tercel
 Than wyll I do this sauour to her / that she
 Shall haue hym / on whom her hert is set
 And he her / that his hert hath on her knet
 This iuge I Nature / for I may nat lye
 To none estate / I haue none other eye

But as for counsaile / to chese a make
 yf I were Reason / than wolde I
 Counsaile you / the royall Tercell take
 As said the Tercel / full skylfully
 As for the gentyllest / & most worthy (saue)
 Whiche I haue wrought / so well to my ples
 That it ought to be / to you a dysplesaunce

With fearfull voise yf formell her ans werde
 My rightfull lady / goddess of Nature
 Sothe is yf I / am euer vnder your yerde
 As is / euery other creature (re)
 And must be yours / while my lyfe may du
 And therfore graunt me my fyrst boone
 And myne entent / I shall you say right sone

I graunt it you quod she / & right anone
 This formell Egge spake / in this degre
 Almighty quene / vnto this yere bedone
 I aske respyte / for to aduyle me
 And after that / to haue my choise all free
 This is all & some / that I wolde speke & say
 ye gete no more / although ye do me dey

I wyll nat serue Venus / ne Cupydo
 Forsothe as yet / by no maner of way
 Nowe sithe it may / none other way betyde
 Quod Nature / here is no more to say
 Than wolde I / these foules were away
 Eche with his wake / for tarpeng leger here
 And sayd them thus / as ye shall after here

To you speke I / ye Tercels of Nature
 Be of good hert / and serue ye all thre
 A yere / is nat so longe to endure
 And eche of you / payne hym in his degre
 For to do well / for god wote / quyte is she
 From you this yere / what after so befall
 This entremesse / is dressed fro you all

And whan all this was brought to an ende
 To euery foule / Nature gaue his make
 By eyn accorde / & on their way they wede
 A lorde / the blyss and ioye that they make
 For eche of them / gan other in wynges take
 And w their neckes / eche gan other wynde
 Thankyng alway yf noble goddess of kynde

But fyrst were chosen / foules for to syng
 As yere by yere / was alway their bsaunce
 To syng a roundell / at their departyng
 To do Nature honour and plesaunce
 The note I trowe / ymaked was in Fraunce
 The word / were such / as ye may here fynde
 In the next vers / as I nowe haue in mynde

Quí bien ayme / tard onblie.

And w the shoutig / whā their song was do
 That yf foules made / at their flyght away
 I woke / and other bokes toke me to
 To rede vpon / and yet I reke alway
 I hope ywis / to red & so some day
 That I shall mete / some thyng for to fare
 The better / & thus to rede I wyll nat spare

Thus endeth the assemble of Foules / other
 wyse called saynt Valentynes day
 compyled by the famous
 clerke / Gessray
 Chaucer.

The prologue.



This boke called la bele Dame Sauns
mercy/was translate out of frenche
in to Englyshe by Gekray
Chaucer/ flour of peo:
tes in our mo:
ther tong.

Halfe in a dreame/ nat fully well awaked
The golde slepe me wrapped/ and his wig
yet nat for thy I rose/ & well nigh naked
All sodainly/ my selfe remembryng
Of a mater / leauyng all other thyng
Whiche I must do / withouten more delay
For them/the whiche I durst nat disobey

My charge was this/ to translate by & by
All thyng forgyue/ as parte of my penaunce
I boke/called La bell dame sauns mercy
Which maister Alepyne made of remembraunce

These secretorie/ With the kyng of fradice
And herbypon/ a whyle I stode musyng
And in my selfe/greatly ymaginyng

What wyse I shulde/pforyme the said pcesse
Conspyring/ by good aduysment
My vnconnyng/and my great symplenesse
And apentwarde/the straitte comaundement
Whiche that I had: and thus in myne entet
I was bexed/and tourned bp and downe
And yet at last/as in conclusyon

I cast my clothes on/ and went my way
This forsaide charge/ hauig in remembraunce
Till I came to a lusty grene baley
Full of floures/ to se a great plesaunce
And so holdly/with theit benigne suffraunce
Whiche reed this boke/ touchig this matere
Thus I began/if it please you to here.

Nat

La bell dame sauns mercy

That long ago / ryding an easy pace
 I fell in thought / of ioye full desperate
 With great disease & payne / so that I was
 Of all louers / the most vnfortunate
 Sith by his darte / most cruell full of hate
 The dethe hath take / my lady & maistresse
 And lefte me sole / thus discomfyte & mate
 Soze lāguishyng / and in way of distresse

Than said I thus / it falleth me to cesse
 Epyther to tyme / or ditees for to make
 And I surely / to make a full promesse (he
 To laugh no more / but wepe in clothes bla
 My ioyfull tyme (alas) nowwe dothe it flake
 For in my selfe / I fele no maner of ease
 Let it be written / suche fortune (as I take)
 Which nether me / nor non other doth please

If it were so / my wyll or myne entent
 Constrayned were / a ioyfull thyng to write
 My pen coude neuer knowe / what it ment
 To speke therof / my tonge hath no delyte
 Tho w my mouthe / I laugh moche or lyte
 My eyn shuld make / a confitenaunce bnttrue
 My hert also / wolde haue therof dyspyte
 The wepyng teares / haue so large issue

These sicke louers / I leaue þ to the longes
 Whiche lede their lyfe in hope of alegeaunce
 That is to saye / to make balades or songes
 Euery of the / as they fele their greuaunce
 For she that was my ioye / and my plesaunce
 Whose soule I pray / god of his mercy saue
 She hath my wyll / myn hertes ordynaunce
 Whiche lyeth here / win this tombe pgraue

From this tyme forth tyme is to hold my pees
 It wereth me / this mater for to trete
 Let other louers / put them selfe in prees
 Their season is / my tyme is nowwe forgete
 Fortune by strength the forcer hath vnshete
 Wherin was sperde / all my wordly riches
 And all the goodes / whiche þ I haue gete
 In my best tyme of youthe / and lustynesse

Loue hath me kept / vnder his gouernaunce
 yf I mis dyd / god graut me forgyuenesse

yf I dyde well / yet felte I no plesaunce
 It caused neyther ioye / nor heuy nesse
 For whan she dyed / that was my maistres
 My wellfare / than made the same purchase
 The dethe hath shette my bondes of wittnes
 Which for nothyng myn hert shall neuer pase

In this gret thought / soze troubled I mynde
 Alone thus rode I / all the morowe tyde
 Tyll at the last / it happed me to fynde
 The place / wherin I cast me to abyde
 Whan that I had / no further for to ryde
 And as I went / my lodgyng to putrey
 Right soone I herde / a lytell me besyde
 In a garden / where mynstrels gan to play

With that anone / I went me backer indre
 My selfe and I / me thoght we were pnowe
 But twayne þ were my frendes here before
 Had me espyed / and yet I wote nat howe
 They cā for me / awaywarde I me drowe
 So what by force / so what by thet request
 That in no wyse / I coude my selfe rescowe
 But nedes I must / come in and se the fest

At my comyng / the ladyes euerichone
 Badde me welcome / god wote right getelly
 And made me chere / euery one by one
 A great dele better / than I was worthy
 And of their grace / shewde me grete curtesy
 In good dysport / bicause I shuld nat mourn
 That day I bode styll / in their company
 Whiche was to me / a gracious sojourn

The boxes were spred / in right lytell space
 The ladyes sat / ethe as hem semed best
 There were no deedly seruautes in þ place
 But cholen men / right of the goodlyest
 And soe there were / pauēture most steepest
 That sawe their iugges full demure
 Without semblaunt / outhet to most or lest
 Flatwith stadyng / they had the vnder cure

Among all other / one I gan espy
 Whiche in gret thought / full often cā & wet
 As one that had ben rauysshed utterly
 In his langage / nat greatly dysgent

Aa bell dame sauns mercy

His countenaunce he kept wth great torment
But his desyre/farre passed his reason
For euer his eye/went after his entent
Full many a tyme / whan it was no season

To make chere/soe hym selfe he payned
And outwardly/he fayne great gladnesse
To syng also/ byforce he was constraigned
For no plesauce/ but very shamefastnesse
For the complaynt of his most heynesse
Came to his voyce alway/without request
Lyke as the soude of byrdes/ dothe expresse
Whan they syng loude/ in fryth or in forest

Other there were/that serued in the hall
But none lyke hym/ as after myne aduysse
For he was pale/and so what lene withall
His speche also trymbled/in fearfull wyse
And euer alone/ but whan he dyde seruyce
All blacke he ware/ & no deuyle but playne
He thought by hi/as my wyf coude suffice
His hert was nothing in his own demeyne

To feest them all/ he dyde his diligence
And well he coude/ right as it semed me
But euermore/whan he was in presence
His chere was done/ it wolde none other be
His scole maister/had suche authozite
That all the whyle/he bode styll in þ place
Speke coude he nat/but vpon her beaute
He looked styll/with right a pitous face

With that his heed/he tourned at the last
For to beholde/the ladyes euerychone
But euer in one/he sette his eye stedfast
On her/ which his thought was most vpon
For of his eyen/ the shotte I knewe anone
Whiche fearfull was/wth right humble requestes
Than to my selfe/ I sayd by good alone
Suche one was I/or þ I sawe these iestes

Out of the prese/ he went full easely
To make stable his heuy countenaunce
And wore ye well/ he sighed wonderly
For his sorowes/ and wofull remembraunce
Than in hym selfe/ he made his ordynaunce
And forthwithall/ came to bring in þ messe

But for to iuge/ his most wofull penaunce
God wote it was/ a pitous extremesse

After dyner/anone they them auauunced
To daunce about/ the folkes euerychone
And forthwithall/ this heuy man he dauced
Sotyme with twayne/ & sotyme with one
Unto them all/ his chere was after one
Nowe here nowe there/as fyll by auenture
But euer among/ he drew to her alone
Which he most dred/ of eueng creature

To myn aduysse/good was his purposice
Whan he her chace/to his maistres alone
If that her hert were sette to his plesauce
As moche as was/ her beautilous persone
For who so euer/ setteth his trust vpon
The reporte of the eyen/ withouten more
He myght be deed/ and grauen vnder stone
Or euer he shulde/his hertes ease restore

In her fayled nothyng/that I coude gesse
One wyse nor other/ prey nor perte
I garyson she was/of all goodlynesse
To make a frounter/ for a louters hert
Right yonge & freshe/ a woman full couert
Assured wele of poete/ and eke of chere
Wele at her ease/withouten wo or smert
All vnderneath/ the standerd of daungers

To se the feest/ it werped me full soze
For heuy tope/dothe soze the hert traueyle
Out of the prese/ I me withdrewetherfore
And set me downe/ alone behynde a trayle
Full of leaues/to se a great marueyle
With grene wretches/ ybouden wonderly
The leaues were so thicke/withouten fayle
That throughtout/no man might me espy

To his lady/he came full curtesly (trace
Whan he thought tyme to daunce with her &
Set in an herber/ made full plesantly
They rested the fro thens/but a lytell space
Righ them were none/of a certayne copase
But onely they/ as farre as I coude se
Saue þ trayle/ there I had chose my place
There was no more/bitwix hem two & me
I herde

La bell dame sauns mercy

I herde the loner sighyng very sore
 For aye the nere/ the sozer it hym sought
 His inwarde payn he coude nat kepe i stowe
 For for to speke/ so hardy was he nought
 His leche was nere & grett was his thought
 He mused so/ to conquere his desyre
 For no man may to moze penaunce be brought
 Than in his herte/to bring hym to the fyre

The hert began to swell within his chest
 So sore constrained/ for angurllhe & payne
 That all to peces/ almost it to brest
 Whan bothe atones/ so sore it dyde constrain
 Desyre was bolde but shame it gan refreyn
 The one was large/the other was full close
 No lytell charge/was layde on hi certayne
 To kepe suche warre/ & haue so many foie

Full often tyme/ to speke hi selfe he payned
 But shamefastnesse & drede/ said euer nay
 yet at the last/ so sore he was constrained
 Whan he full long/ had put it in delay
 To his lady/ right thus than gan he say
 With dredefull voice/wepig/halfe in a rage
 For me was purueyed/ an vnhappy day
 Whan I fyrst had a sight of your visage

I suffre payne god wote/full hote byrnyng
 To cause my derbe/all for my true seruyce
 And I se well/ye reche therof nothyng
 For take no hede of it in no kynde wyse
 But whan I speke/after my best aduys
 ye set it at nought/but make therof a game
 And though I sewe/so great an enterprys
 yet peryeth nat your worshyp nor your fauour

Alas: what shulde it be to you petydye
 yf that a man do loue you faithfully
 To your worship/ eschewyng euery vice
 So am I yours / and wyll be verily
 I chalenge nought of right/ and reason why
 For I am hole submyt vnto your seruyce
 Right as ye lyst it be/ right so wyll I (se
 To bynde my selfe/where I was in frasci

Lamant

Though it be so/ that I can nat deserue
 To haue yo^r grace/but alway lyue i drede

yet suffice me/ you for to loue and serue
 Wouten maugre/ of your most goodly hede
 Both faith & trothe I gyue your womabed
 And my seruyce/ without any callyng (de
 Loue hath me boude/ wouten wage or me
 To be your man/and leaue all other thyng

La dame

Whan this lady had herde all this langage
 She gaue ans were/ full softe & demurely
 Without chaungyng/ of colour or corage
 Nothyng in hals/ but mesurably
 She thynketh sir/ your thought is great folp
 But pose ye nought/ your labour for to cese
 For thynketh nat/ whyles ye lyue and I
 In this mater/ to set your hert in pease

Lamant

There may none make & peace/ but only ye
 Which are & groude & cause of all this war
 For with your eyen/the letters wrytten be
 By whiche I am desyred and put a far
 your plesaunt loke/ my very lobe star
 Was made heraud/ of thylke same diffiaunce
 Whiche biterly behight me for to beare
 My faithful trust/ and all myne affyaunce

La dame

To lyue in wo/ he hath great fantasy
 And of his hert/ also sylpper holde
 That onely for beholdyng of an eye
 Can nat abyde in peace/as reason wolde
 Other or me/ if ye lyst ye may beholde
 Our eyen are made to loke/ why shulde we
 I take no kepe/nether of pogg ne olde (spare
 Who feleth smert/ I coufayle hym beware

Lamant

If it be so/ one hurte another sore
 In his defaut/ that feleth the greuaunce
 Of very right/a man may do no moze
 yet reason wolde/ it were in remembraunce
 And lithe fortune onely by her chaunce
 Hath caused me to suffice all this payne
 By your beaute/with all the cyrcustauce
 Why lyst ye haue me/in so great dis dayne

La dame

To your persone/ ne haue I no dis dayne
 For neuer had truly/ ne nought wyll haue
 For right gret loue/ noz hatered i certayne
 For your coufayle to knowe/so god me saue
 yf suche

La bell dame sauns mercy

yf suche loue be in your mynde ygraue
That I tell thyng/ may do you displeaunce
you to begyle/ or make you for to raue
I wyll nat cause/ no suche encomberaunce

Lamant

What ever it be/ y me hath thus purchased
Wenyng hath nat/ disceyued me certayne
But fetuent loue/ so soze hath me ychased
That I bware/ am casten in your chayne
And sithe so is/ as fortune lyst or dayne
All my welfare/ is in your handes fall
In eschewyng/ of moze mischeuous payne
Who sonest dyeth/ his care is lest of all

La dame

This sickenelle is / right easy to endure
But fewe people/ it causeth for to dye
But what they mean/ I knowe it very sure
Of moze conforre/ to drawe the remedy
Suche be there nowe/ playnig full pitously
That fele god wote/ nat alther grettel pay
And if so be/ loue hurt so greuously (ne
Lesse harm it were/ one sorofull thā twayn

Lamant

Alas madame/ if that it myght you please
Moche better it were/ by way of getynesse
Of one soze/ to make twayne well at ease
Than hym to distroy/ that lyue/h i distresse
For my desyre is/ neyther moze nor lesse
But my serupce/ to do for your plesaunce
In eschewyng/ all maner of doublenelle
To make two ioyes/ i stede of one greuaunce

La dame

Of loue I seke/ neyther plesaunce nor ease
Nor haue therin/ no great assyaunce
Though ye be like/ it doth me nothig please
Also I take no hede of your plesaunce
These who so wyll/ thet bettes to auaiunce
free am I now/ and free wyll I endure
To be ruled/ by mannes gouernaunce
For erchely good: Nay / that I you ensure

Lamant

Loue/ whiche y ioye & sorowe doth departe
Hath sette the ladyes/ out of all seruage
And largely doth graunt the for their parte
Lordship and rule/ of every maner of age
The poze seruauit/ nought hath of auatage
But what he may gete / onely by purchesse

And he that ones/ to loue dothe his homage
Full often tyme/ bere bought is the richelle

La dame

Ladys be nat so symple/ thus I mene
So dull of wytte/ so lotted in folly
That for wordes/ which said be of y splens
In fayre langage/ paynted full pleaintly
Whiche ye and mo/ holde scoles of dayly
To make the all/ great wonders to suppose
But sone they can away/ their heedes wrie
And to sayre speche/ lightly their eres close

Lamant

There is no man/ that iangleth busely
And setteth his hert & all his midethefore
That by reason/ may playne so pitously
As he that hath/ moche heynesse in soze
Whose heed is hole / & saythe that it is soze
His sayned chere/ is herde to kepe in mewe
But thought/ which is bnfayned euermore
The wordes preueth/ as the workes shewe

La dame

Loue is subrell/ and hath a great awayte
Sharpe i workig/ i gabbyng gret plesaunce
And can hym venge/ of suche as by discepte
wolde fele & knowe/ his secreete gouernance
And maketh them/ to obey his ordynaunce
By cherefull wayes/ as in them is supposed
But whan they fall in to repentaunce
Than in a rage/ their counsaile is disclosed

Lamant

Sithe for as moche/ as god and eke nature
Hath auauised loue/ to so hye degre
Moch sharpe is the poynt/ thus am I sure
yet greueth moze the faute/ where ever it be
Who hath no colde/ of heare hath no depaite
The one for that other/ asked is expresse
And of plesaunce/ knoweth no certeynte
But it be one/ in thought and heynesse

La dame

As for plesaunce/ it is nat alway one
That you thiike swete/ I thiike a byt payne
ye may nat me collrayne/ nor yet right non
After your lust to loue/ that is but bayne
To chalége loue by right/ was netter leyne
But hert assent/ before bonde and promelle
for strength and soze/ may nat assayne
I wyll that standeth enfeiled in fraunchelle

Lamant

Right

La bell dame sauntis mercy

Right fayre lady/god mote I neuer please
yf I seke other right in this case
But for to shewe you plainly my disease
And your mercy to abyde/ & eke your grace
yf I putpose your honour to deface
O: euer byde/ god and fortune me shende
And that I neuer brightfully purchase
One onely ioye / vnto my lyues ende

La dame

ye and suche other/ yf I were suche othes fast
And so condempne/ and cursen to and fro
Full surely ye wene your othes last
No lenger than the wordes be ago
And god and eke his sayntes laugh also
In suchel weryng/ there is no stedfastnesse
And these wretches/ yf haue full trust therto
After they wepe and waylen in distresse

Lamant

He hath no corage of a man truly
That secheth plesance/ worship to dyspce
Nor to be called forthe is nat worthy
Therthe to touche/ yf aye in no kyns wyse
I trusty here/ a mouth without synne
That shew the strenght/ of euery maner name
And who yf sepeh his faith for lyrell palle
He leseth bothe his worship & his fame

La dame

I curled here/ a mouth that is curteyle
Full well ye wote/ they be nat accordyng
yet sayned chere/ righte so may the apeple
Where of malice/ is sette all their workyng
Full false semblant they bere/ & true semig
Their name/ their fame/ their toges but say
Worship in the/ is put in forgettyng (ned
Nought repented/ nor in no wise copleyned

Lamant

Who thynketh yll/ no good may hym be fall
God of his grace/ graunte eke man his desert
But for his loue/ amog your thoughtes all
As thynke upon/ my wooll folowes smert
For of my payne/ whether your tender hert
Of I wete pte/ be nat ther with agreued
And of your grace/ to me were discouert
That by po' mean/ some shulde I be releued

La dame

A lyghtsome hert/ a folly of plesauce
Are moche better/ the lesse whyle they abyde

They make you thike/ & blyg you i a traunce
But that sickenesse/ wyl some be remedyde
Hespice your thought/ & put all this a syde
Full good disporte/ wereth me all day
To helpe nor hurte/ my wyl is nat a plyde
Who croweth me nought/ I let them passe

Lamant

(away

Who hath a byde/ a faucon/ or a hounde
That foloweth hym for loue in euery place
He cherissheth hym/ & kepeth hi full sounde
Out of his sight/ he wyl nat hym enchase
And I that sette my wytes in this case
On you alone/ withouten any chaunge
Am put vnder/ moche farther out of grace
And lesse set by/ than other that be strange

La dame

Though I make chere to euery man about
For my worship/ & for myn owne franchise
To you I wyl do so/ withouten doute
In eschewyng all maner prouibise
For wote ye well/ loue is so lyrell wyse
And in beleue/ so lightly wyl be brought
That he taketh all at his owne deupse
Of thyng god wote/ yf serueth hi of nought

Lamant

yf I by loue/ and by my true seruyce
Lefe yf good chere/ yf straigers haue alway
Wherof shall serue my trueth in any wyse
Lesse than to hym/ yf cometh & gothe alday
Whiche holdeth of you nothig / yf is no nay
Also in you is lost/ as to my semyng
All curtesy/ whiche of reason wyl say
That loue for loue/ were lausfull despyng

La dame

Curtesy is alped wonder nere
To worlde/ whiche hym louth tenderly
And he wyl nat be bounde for no prayere
Nor for no gytes / I say you verily
But his good chere/ departe full largely
Wher hym lyeth/ as his concert wyl fall
Guerdon cōstrayned/ a gyft done thakfully
These twayne can neuer accorde nor neuer

Lamant

(shall

As for guerdon/ I seke non in this case
For that desert/ to me it is to hys
Wherfore I aske your pdone & your grace
Sithen ne behoueth deche/ or your mercy

e To gyue

La bell dame sauns mercy

To gyue the good/ where it wanteth truly
That were reason/ and a curtesse manere
And to po^r own/ moche better were worchy
Thā to strāgers/ to shewe the louely chere

La dame

What call ye good/ sayne wolde I yf I wyll
That pleaseth one/ another smerteth sore
But of his owne/ to large is he that lyst
Gyue moche/ & lese his good name therfore
One shulde nat make a graūt lytle ne more
But the request were right well accordyng
yf worshyp be nat kepte and sette befoze
All that is laste/ is but a lytell thyng

Lamant

In to this worlde/ was founde neuer none
Nor vnder heuyn/ creature ybore
Nor neuer shall/ saue only your pson (sore
To whom your worshyp toucheth halfe so
But me/ which haue no season lesse ne more
Of yowthe ne age/ but styl in your scrupce
I haue no eyen/ no wytte/ noz mouth i stoze
But all be gyuen to the same offyce

La dame

A full great charge hath he/ withouten fayne
That his worshyp kepeth in sekernesse
But in daunger he setteth his trauepie
That felleth it/ with others busynesse
To hym that longeth/ honour and noblesse
Upon none other/ shulde nat he awayte
For of his owne/ so moche hath he the lesse
That of other/ moche foloweth the concepte

Lamant

Your eyen hath set the prync/ whiche yf I fele
Within my hert/ that where soeuer I go
yf I do thyng/ that lowneth vnto wele
Nedes must it come from you/ & fro no mo
Fortune wyll this/ that I for wele or wo
My lyfe endure/ your mercy abyding
And very right wyll/ that I thynke also
Of your worshyp/ aboue all other thyng

La dame

To your worshyp se well/ for that is nede
That ye spede nat your season all in bayne
As touchyng myn/ I rede you take no hede
By your folly/ to put your selfe in payne
To ouercome is good/ and to restrayne
In hert/ whiche is disceyued folly

For worse it is to breke than bothe certayn
Better bowe/ than to fall sodainly

Lamant

Now saye lady thynke/ sicke it fyrst began
That loue hath set myn hert vnder his cure
It neuer myght/ ne truly I ne can
None other serue/ while I shall here endure
In most free wyse/ therof I make you sure
Whiche may nat be wdrawe/ this is no nay
I must abyde all maner aduenture
For I may nother put to noz take away

La dame

I holde it for no gyfte in sothfastnesse
That one offreth/ where it is forsake
For suche a gyfte is abadonyng expresse
That with worshyp ayen may nat betake
He hath an hert full fell that lyst to make
A gyfte lightly/ that put is to refuse
But he is wyse/ that suche coceite wyll slake
So that hym nede/ nother to study ne muse

Lamant

He shulde nat muse/ yf hath his seruice spēs
On her/ whiche is a lady honozable
And if I spende my tyme to that entent
yet at the lest/ I am nat reprobable
Of seyned hert/ to thynke I am vnable
Or I mystoke/ whan I made this request
By whiche loue hath/ of enterprise notable
So many hertes gotten by conquest

La dame

If that ye lyst do after my counsaile
Seche a sayre/ and of more higher fame
Whiche in scrupce of loue/ wyll you suayle
After your thought/ accordyng to the same
He hurteth bothe his worshyp & his name
That folly/ for twayne hi selfe wyll troue
And he also/ leseth his after game (bis
That surely can nat set his poyntes double

Lamant

This your counsaile/ by ought that I can se
Is better said than done/ to myne aduysle
Though I beleue it nat/ forgyue it me
Myne hert is suche/ so hole wout fantysle
That I ne may gyue credence in no wyse
To thyng/ which is nat solwng vnto trithe
Other counsaile I se/ be but fantasyle
Haue of your grace/ to shewe pyte & rube

La dame

I holde

La bell dame sauns mercy

I holde hym wyse/ that woꝛketh no folp
And whan hym lyst/ can leaue & pte therfro
But in comyng/ he is to lerne truely
That wolde hym selfe conduite/ & can nat so
And he that wyll nat after counsaile do
His sute he putterth in to dysperaunce
And all the good that shulde fall hym to
Is lost and deed/ clene out of remembraunce
Lamant

yet wyll I sewe this mater faithfully
Whyles I lyue/ what euer be my chaunce
And if it happe/ that in my truthe I dye
Than dethe shall do me no displeaunce
But whan I/ by your harde suffraunce
Shall dye so true/ and with so gret a payne
yet shall it do me moche the lesse greuaunce
Than for to lyue/ a false louer certayne
La dame

Of me get ye right nought/ this is no fable
I wyll to you/ be nother harde nor strepte
And right wyll/ nat no man customable
To thynke ye shulde/ be sure of my conceyte
Who secheth sorowe/ his be the receyte
Othe counsaile/ can I nat fele nor se
For for to lerne/ I cast me nat to awayte
Who wyll therof/ let hym assay for me
Lamant

Oues must it be assayde/ this is no nay
With suche as be of reputacion
And of true loue/ the right honour to pay
Of free hertes gotten by dethe raunsome
For fre wyll holdeth this oppynion
That it is great durelle/ and disconforte
To kepe a hert in so strayte a prysone
That hath but one body for his dispoꝛte
La dame

I knowe so many causes marueylous
That I must nedde of reason thike certayne
That suche auenture/ is wonder perplous
And yet well more/ & comyng backe agayne
Good or woꝛship/ therof is seldome seme
Where I ne wyll make suche array
As for to fynde a pleasaunce/ but a barayne
Whan it shall cost so dere/ the fyrst assay
Lamant

ye haue no cause to doute of this mater
For you to meue/ with no suche fantasie

To put me farre all out/ as a straunger
For your goodnesse/ can thike & well aduise
That I haue made a prysse/ in euery wyse
By which my truthe sheweth open euidece
My long abyding and my true seruyce
May wele be knowen/ by pleyne experience
La dame

Of very right/ he may be called trewe
And so must he be take in euery place
That can discerne/ and let as he ne knowe
And kepe the good/ if he it may purchase
For who that prayeth or sweareth in any case
Right well ye wote/ in I no truthe is pꝛued
Suche hath there ben/ & are/ I geten grace
And lese it sone/ whan they haue it achyued
Lamant

yf truthe me cause/ by vertue souerayne
To shewe good loue/ & alway fynde cotrary
And cherishe I/ which sleeth me wth I payne
This is to me/ a louely aduersary
Whan I pyte/ which long on slepe doth tary
Hath sette the fyne/ of all my heynesse
yet her conforste/ to me most necessary
Shall let my wyll/ more sure in stablenesse
La dame

The wofull wight/ what may he thynke of
The contrary of all sope & gladnesse (say
A sicke body/ his thought is alway
From them that fele no soꝛe nor sickenesse
Thus hurtes ben/ of dyuers busynesse
Whiche loue hath put to great hyndraunce
And truhe also/ put in forgetfulnesse
Whan they full soꝛe begyn to sighe as haunce
Lamant

Notwe god defende/ but he be harmlesse
Of all woꝛshyp or good that may befall
That so werst tourneth by his leudnesse
A gifte of grace/ or any thyng at all
That his lady bouchesafe vpon hym call
Or cherissheth hym/ in honorable wyse
In that defaute/ what euer he be that fall
Deserueth more than dethe/ to suffice twyse
La dame

There is no iuge yset on suche trespass
By whiche of right/ loue may recovered be
One curseth fast/ another dothe manase
yet dyeth none/ as farre as I can se

A bell dame sauns mercy

But kepe their course/ alway in one degree
And evermore/ their labour dothe encrease
To bring ladies/ by their great subtelte
For others gyfte/ in sorowe and disease

Lamant
Albeit so/ one dothe so great offence
And is nat deed/ no put to no iustyce
Right well I wote/ hym gayneth no differe
But he must ende/ in full mischeuous wise
And all ever said/ god wyll hym dyspyce
For falsheed is full of cursednesse (pise
That his worship/ maye neuer haue enter
Where it reigneth/ & hath the wyslunesse

La dame
Of þ haue they no great feare nowe a daye
Suche as wyll say/ & mainteyne it therto
That stedfast truth/ is nothig for to prayse
In them that kepe it long in wele or wo
Their busy hertes/ passen to and fro
They be so well reclapmed to the lure
So well lerned them/ to wholde also (dure
And all to chaunge/ whan loue shulde best en

Lamant
Whan one hath sette his hert in stable wyse
In suche a place/ as is bothe good & trewe
He shulde nat flytte/ but do forthe his seruice
Alway/ withouten chaunge of any newe
As sone as loue begynneth to remewe
All plesaunce gothe anone/ in lytell space
As for my partie/ that shall I eschewe
Whyle the soule abyde in his place

La dame
To loue truly/ there as it ought of right
ye may nat be mystaken doutlesse
But ye be foule disceyued in your sight
By light vnderstandyng/ as I gesse
yet may ye well repell your busynesse
And to reason/ haue some attendaunce
Noche better than to abide by folp sipleues
The feble socour of desperaunce

Lamant
Reason/ couysayle/ wysedome/ a good aduysle
Ben vnder loue arested euerychone
To whiche I can accorde in euery wyse
For they be nat rebell/ but styll as a stone
Their wyll and myne/ be medled all in one
And therw bouiden with so stronge a cheyne

That as in them/ departyng shalbe none
But pyte byke/ the mighty bonde at wayne

La dame
ye loue nat your selfe/ what euer ye be
That in loue stande forgete in euery place
And of your wo/ if ye haue no pyte
Others pyte beleue ye nat to purchase
But be fully assured/ as in this case
I am alway vnder one ordinaunce
To haue better trust/ nat after grace
And all that leueh/ take to your plesaunce

Lamant
I haue my hope so sure/ and so stedfast
That suche a lady shulde nat lacke pyte
But nowe alas/ it is shyfte by so fast
That daunger sheweth on me his cruelte
And if she se the vertue fayle in me
Of true seruyce/ though she do fayle also
No wonder were/ but this is my surete
I must suffre/ whiche way that euer it go

La dame
Leaue this purpose/ I rede you for þ best
For the lenger ye kepe/ it is in bayne
The lasse ye gete/ as of your hertes rest
And to reioyse/ it shall you neuer attayne
Whā ye abyde goodhope to make you saime
ye shalbe founde a sorted in dotage
And in thende/ ye shall knowe for certayne
Hope shall pay þ wretches for their wage

Lamant
ye say/ as falleth most for your plesaunce
And your power is great/ all this I se
But hope shall neuer out of my remembraunce
By whiche I fele so great aduersyte
For whan nature hath set in you plente
Of all goodnesse/ by vertue and by grace
He neuer assembled them/ as semed me
To put pyte/ out of his dwellyng place

La dame
Pyte of right/ ought to be resonable
And to no wight/ do no great disauantage
There as is nede/ it shulde be profitable
And to the pitous/ shewyng no damage
If a lady wyll do so great outrage
To shewe pyte/ and cause her owne debate
Of suche pyte/ cometh dyspytous rage
And of suche loue/ also right deedly hate

Lamant To

La bell dame sauns mercy

To comforte them/ that lyue all confortlesse
That is no harme/ but cōfort to your name
But ye that haue a hert of suche duresse
And a fayre lady/ I must aspyrme the same
yf I durst say/ ye wyl all this desame
By cruelte/ whiche sytteth you full yll
But if pyte/ whiche may all this attrame
In your highe hert/ may rest and tary styll

La dame

What euer he be/ that saythe he loueth me
And parauenture/ I leue well it be so
Dought he be wothe/ or shulde I blamed be
Though I dyd nat/ as he wolde haue me do
yf I medled with suche/ or other mo
It myght be called pyte mercylesse
And afterwarde/ if I shulde lyue in wo
Than to repent/ it were to late I gesse

Lamant

O marble hert/ and yet more harde parde
Whiche mercy may nat perce/ for no labour
More stronge to bowe/ than is a myghty tre
What auerleth you to shewe so gret rigour
Wletheth it you more/ to se me dye this houre
Before your epen/ for your dyspoyte & play
Than for to shewe some confort or socour
To respite dethe/ whiche chaseth me alway

La dame

Of your disease/ ye may haue allegraunce
And as for myne/ I lette it ouer stake
Also/ ye shall nat dye for my pleasaunce
Nor for your heale/ I can no surety make
I wyl nat hurt my selfe for others sake
Wepe they/ laugh they/ or syng they I warāt
For this mater/ so wyl I undertake
That none of the/ shall make therof auant

Lamant

I can nat skyll of loue/ by god alone
I haue more cause to wepe in your presence
And well ye wote/ auantour am I none
For certainly/ I loue better silence
One shulde nat loue by his hertes credence
But he were sure to kepe it secretly
For a bauntour/ is of no reuerence
Whan that his tonge is his most enemy

La dame

Wale bouche in court/ hath great cōmaundes
Eche man studyeth to say þ woxt he may

These false louers/ i this tyme nowe flent
They serue best/ to iangle as a Jape
The most secreete pwis/ yet some men say
Howe he mystrusted is/ in some parrysse
Wherfore to ladies whā so men speke or say
It shulde be beleued in no wyse

Lamant

Of good and yll shalbe/ and is alway
The worlde is such/ therth is nat all playn
They þ be good/ þ pofe sheweth euery day
And otherwyse/ great billony certayne
It is reason/ though one his tong distayne
With cursed speche/ to do hym selfe a shame
That suche refuse/ shuld wroghfully remain
Upon the good/ renowned in their fame

La dame

Such as be nought/ whā they here tidyngs
That eche traspas/ shall lightly haue pdon
They that pursuen to be good and trewe
Wyl nat sit by none yll disposicion
To contynue in euery good condycion
They are the fyrst/ that fallen in damage
And full frely/ the hertes habandon
To lytell faiche/ with softe & fayre langage

Lamant

Nowe knowe I wele/ of very certaynte
If one do truly/ yet shall he be shent
Withe all maner of iustyce and pyte
Is banysshed out of a ladyes entent
I can nat se/ but all is at one stent
The good/ the yll/ the vice/ & eke the vertue
Suche as be good/ suche haue þ punishmēt
For the traspas/ of them that lyue vntreue

La dame

I haue no power/ you to do greuaunce
Nor to punyshe none other creature
But to eschewe/ the more encomberaunce
To kepe vs from you all/ I holde it sure
False semblaunce/ hath a face full demure
Lightly to cathe these ladies in a wayte
Wherfore we must/ if we wyl here endure
Make right good watch/ so this is my cōcest

Lamant

With that of grace/ a goodly worde nat one
May nowe be had/ but alway kept in store
I appele to god/ for he may here my mone
Of the duresse/ whiche greueth me so sore

e.iii. And of

La bell dame sauns mercy

And of ppte / I complayne furthermore
Whiche he forgate / in all his ordinaunce
Or els my lyfe / to haue ended before
Whiche so soone am / put out of remembrance

La dame
My hert noz I haue done you no forseyte
By whiche ye shulde cōplayne in any kynde
Nothig hurteth you / but your owne cōcept
Be iuge your selfe / for so ye shall it fynde
Thus alway / let this synke in your mide
That your desyre / shall neuer recovered be
Ye noye me soze / in wastynge all this wynde
For I haue said ynough / as semeth me

Lamant
This wofull man rose vp in all his payne
And so parted / with wepyng countenance
His wofull hert / almost to brast in twayne
Full lyke to dye / walkyng forthe in a traicte
And said: derthe come forth / thy selfe auance
Or that myne hert forgete his pōperte
And make shorter / all this wofull penaunce
Of my pooze lyfe / full of aduersyte

From this he wēt / but whider wylt I nought
Nor to what parte he dreme in sothfastnesse
But he no more was / in his ladyes thoght
For to the daunce anon / she gan her dresse
And after ward / one tolde me thus expresse
He rent his heer / for anguillhe & for payne
And in hym selfe / toke so great heynnesse
That he was deed / within a day or twayne

Finis.
Lenuoy de limpzimeur.

O ye lusty galondes of hote corage
But nat this example in oblyuion
In loue beware / bse nat to great outrage
But moderate your desyres by discrecion
Els wylt it tourne to your owne confusyon
& than yo^r frēdes shall haue cause to moone
Your enemyes you moche / & laugh to scoone

And ye ladyes / endued with hye prudence
Whan these disceitfull louers labour styll
With their fayned and paynted eloquence
Their carnall lustes / to cause you to fulfyll

Many a huge othe / depose they wyl
yet for all that / take hede aboue all thyng
It is no loue they shewe / but blandishyng
For very loue is that / that dothe couete
His owne labour / his owne thig to dyspēde
To another persons pleasure and profete
His owne pleasure / in no wyse to attēde
But he that woyng a lady dothe entēde
Taccōplys he his owne voluptuousnesse
Loueth nat her / but loueth hi selfe dourlesse

For he that by wordes / or gift / doth pursue
To depriue a woman her best ieuell
As her good name & fame / & chast vertue
Is signe of no good loue / but hate cruel
Wherfore in reason / I may conclude well
Who loueth his lady after suche rate (hate
Sheweth her no true loue / but most deedly

And he that consydreth the necessitees
Loggng to loue / as attēdāce / thoght / & care
Labour / cost / and other incomoditees
Prudently ought / to take hede and beware
He finally shall fynde / none other welfare
But for the archpyeng of one pleasaunce
To be sure to sustre / treble penaunce

Wherfore / ye gentyll people yong and olde
Men or women / what soeuer ye be
To loue / I counsaile you be nat to holde
Expte it be ordred to suche degre
As concerneth spousaile / in honeste
yet / if ye wylt in feruent loue excell
Loue god aboue alkyng / & than do ye well.

Thus endeth the boke / called La bell
dame sauns mercy: And here foloweth
certaine mozaill puerbes
of the foxsayd Gessray
Chaucers doynge.

Mozall prouerbes

Ecce bonum consilium Galfredi

Chaucer/ contra fortu-

nam.

Hipe fro þ pzeace/ & dwell w sothfastnesse
Suffice vnto thy good/ though it be small
For horde hath hate/ & clymbyng cyclenelle
Pzeace hath enuy/ & wele is blent ouer all
Sauour no more/ than the behoue shall
Rule thy selfe/ that other folke canst rede
And trouthe the shall delpue/ it is no dzebe

Payne the nat/ eche croked to redzelle
In trust of her/ that tourneth as a ball
Great rest/ stonde in lytell busynesse
Betwaxe also/ to spoze agaynst a wall
Stryue nat/ as dothe a cocle with a whall
Daunt thy selfe/ that dauntest other dede
And trouthe the shall delpue/ it is no dzebe

That the is sent/ receyue it in burumnesse
The wastlyng of this worlde as keth a fall
Here is no home/ here is but wyldernesse
Forth pilgrim forth/ forth beest out of þ stall
Loke vp on highe/ & thanke our lord of all
Wey thy lust/ and let thy gost the lede
And trouthe þ shall delpue/ it is no dzebe.

¶ Finis.

Mozall prouerbes of Chystyne.

The great vtiues/ of our elders notable
Ofte to remembre/ is thyng profytable
An happy house is/ where dwelleth prude
For where she is/ Rayson is in pzeance (ce
A temperate man colde/ from hast assured
May nat lightly/ long season be mysured
Constaunt corages/ in sapyence formed
Wyll in no wyse/ to byces be conformed
Where nys Justyce/ that lande nor þ coultre
May nat long reygne in good prosperite
Without saythe/ may there no creature
Be vnto god plesaunt/ as sayth scripture
Proper worldly/ and to god acceptable
Can no man be/ but he be charitable
Hope kepeth nat promyse in euery wyse
yet in this worlde/ it gupdeth many a wyse

In great estate/ lythe nat the gloze
But in vertue/ whiche worthe is memoze
A cruell prince/ grounded in auarpyce
Shulde his people nat trust/ if he be wyse
Gyueng in tyme/ and wplye to resteygne
Maketh one welthy/ and in estate to reygne
Now pzeise now blame/ comenly by vsau-
Sheweth folly/ & no maner constauce (ce
A princes courte/ without a gouernour
Beyng prudent/ can nat last in honour
Great diligence/ with a good remembraunce
Dothe a man ofte/ to high honour auauce
A sole can pzeise nought/ for lacke of reason
And the wyse man hath no pzeumpcion
A mighty prince/ þ wyll here his counsaile
Paciently/ to prospere can nat fayle
He is prudent/ that maketh putuepaunce
For thyng to come/ before or fall the chaunce
A man in pryde fixed/ with hert and mynde
Casteth no dzebe/ yet wo sone doth him finde
That lande hath hap/ wherof þ lord of hig
Is sadde and true/ and beth good lyueng
Lightly to here/ and to loue flattery
Sendeth errour/ & warre dothe multiply
Wyse is nat he/ that weneth to be sure
Of his estate/ though he haue it in bre
In sustyauce of this worlde's richesse
Is surer rest/ than in the great largesse
To haunt vertues/ and byces to banyshe
Maketh a man wyse/ and godly to fynyshe
A benigne prince/ of good condycions
Draweth many one/ to his oppynions
He is happy/ that can enample take
Of his neighbour/ seyng hi sorowes make
Wisedome they lacke/ þ fortune do nat dzebe
For many a wight to trouble dothe she lede
Moche to enuypze/ is nothyng profytable
For for to be greatly entremettable
To moche trustig hath hindzed many a man
So hath wenyng/ þ well disceyue one can
A rayling man/ and for a lyer knawe
Unneth is trust/ though he tell a sothsaue
He is wyse/ that his pze can restrayne
And in anger/ his tonge also restrayne
He that is fydde/ and hath his hertes lust
What payne þ hūgry hath he will nat trust
Falsheed is nat so cautelle so applyed

But

Of all prouerbes

But by some folkes/it is somtyme espyed
His renome shalbe good and long lastyng
That hath the fame of trouthe in his delig
Full great payne is to chaunge condycion
After that age/hath one in her bandon
Who wyl hym selfe to great estate auance
Must afoze/be acqeynted with suffraunce
Fauour gyleth/ & many a tyme it turneth
Right to wrong/ & wrog to right returneth
One ought to worke/while he hath liberte
For season lost/ can nat recovered be
To moch to thike/ or els haug no thought
Maketh one forgete/ suche thyng/ as he ne
An aged man/ wout wpt or conyng (ought
Is a bessel/ that vertue is lackyng
He that secheth often other to blame
Giuerh right cause/ to here of hiselfe & same
Trewer gentyllesse can be none other thyng
But the palaig/ where honour is dwellyng
Happy he is/ that can dispose his lyfe
Justly in trouthe/ without enuy or stryfe
Lighely is bozne/ full many a heuy charge
By patience/ and conquered at large
In great workes/ wyle counsaile to beleue
Thynges derked/ to light it dothe releue
A dissolute thyng/ bled for plesaunce
Thende therof/ tourneth to displeaunce
A full small groude/ causeth often debate
And lytle rayne dothe a great wynde abate
He that is pong/ and loueth ydelnesse
Lightly dothe fall/ in noyfull heuynesse
Worldly richesse/ for to wyn wrongfully
Dothe in dainger bring/ the soule and body
Better honour is/ to haue a good name
Than treasour ryche/ & more shall dure the
Takig auise/ vpon a cause doutable (same
Remembzeth one/ of thynges profitable
Worldly richesse/ is had in great chierre
Whan dethe cometh/ all & here left must be
Speche to a popnt/ with a sad countenaunce
Sheweth in man/ a prudent gouernaunce
Droknelle fleeth the wpt/ soule/ and body
And maketh one fall/ in villayn sluggardy
A prudent man/ that seeth well his offence
Taketh good hede after/ for the defence
A pongly man/ of chastisyng content
Is signe of grace/ and of a good entent

A lounyng drede is better to endure
Than that/ whiche is constrayned by rigure
An host/ withouten a chefe for capitayne
Is selden sene/ to good effectte attayne
Fewe men there be/ of promyse lybetall
But some of hem they wyl breke/ or els all
Humylte is great grace in noblesse
The lower hert/ the higher men hym dresse
Folehardinesse and wenyng/ dothe disceyue
Full many a man/ that can it nat perceyue
Women and men/ togyder moche rotynyng
May often cause/ suspicious sclaudyng
About in pouth is a great auantage
For to defende in nede one in his age
In bayne it is/ a man put hym to loze
But if he sette his wpt and mynde therfore
A cruell iuge/ in auarice sette depe
Stropeth people/ as wolues done & shepe
Daunger it is/ in malpce to abyde
After that his ennemy hath it espyed
To speke in tyme/ and refrayne at a popnt
Is signe of wpt/ & setteth one in good popnt
It is great wpt to abandon the place
Where strour is/ if there be tyme and space
Selden is sene any fauour to be
Bytwene one riche/ and one in pouerte
Lytell langage is best for one to vse (fuce
For moche talkyng/ dothe many a man com
Blame and repze to haue/ is he worthy
That seeth the good/ and iugeth contrary
He that may nat yuell company escheue
yet at the lest/ let hym soone thens remewe
Great folly is in hym that taketh hede
Upon other/ and nat to his owne nede
Necessyte at somtyme to consent
Causeth famyne/ great trouble & torment
Repented hath many a creature
Thyng done away/ whiche in his hande was sure
Curtesse spekyng/ refrayneth ofte yre
For to the hert/ it is a great pleasyre
Often is sene a man in indygence
To highe estate/ comen by his dilygence
Opynyons/ with fauoured sentence
Gydeh the worlde/ more than very science
There aught no man to be feirfe ne cruell
For what may fall hym selfe/ he can nat tell
Rather to bowe than breke/ is profitabile
Humylte

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Humylite is a thyng cōmendable
 He is a fole/ that dothe his charge enhance
 Upon promyse/ without other substance
 It syteth nat a man to diffame
 For vpon hym selfe/ shall retourne þ blame
 For to forgete a gyfte or curtesy
 Sheweth ingratitude evidently
 Sured maner/ and fewe wordes well set
 In women dothe ryghtwell / where they be
 Seruyce in court is no sure heritage (met
 It sayeth ofte/ with lytell auantage
 He that spurneth a nail with violence
 Vnto hym selfe/ dothe most grefe and offence
 To tourne to iape an iniury or a wrong
 Is great wysedome to be bled among
 Goodly reasons nat well taken ne cōstrude
 Semeth floures cast among beestes rude
 A wretchfull man or one in gelousye
 Aught haue no trust/ for often they wyll lye
 Cruell spekyng in a mater heynous
 Al keth and were angry and dysprouys
 There can no good endure season ne space
 But onely suche/ as come by goddes grace
 Idell pleasures bled customably (thy
 Be harde to chaunge tho they be blame wor



Plōged in the wawe of mortall distresse
 Alas for wo/ to whom shall I complayne
 Or who shall deuopde/ this great heuynesse
 Fro me/ wofull Mary Magdaleyne (yne
 My lord is gone/ alas who wrought this tre
 This soden chaunce percerth my hert so depe
 That nothyng can I do/ but wape & wepe

He that loueth puell tales to reporte
 To make debate/ semeth well his dispozte
 Necessyte/ pouert/ and indigence
 Causeth many great inconuenience
 A meane estate is better to entende
 Than high clymbyng / lest one sone discēde
 Right to release somtyme is no dotage
 So that it be for a more auantage
 In well doyng/ hauyng a true renoun
 Byngeth a man to good conclusioun
 Forgetyng god/ for this wordes richesse
 Sheweth no faith/ but flouth & gret latches
 There is nothyng so riche I you ensue
 As the seruyce of god our creature
 A lytell hapleth good ensample to se
 For hym that wyll nat the contrary fye
 Though that berhe to vs be lamentable
 It to remembre/ is thyng most conuenable
 Thende dothe shewe euery worke as it is
 Wo may he be/ that to god endeth mys.

Thus endeth the morall prouerbes/
 and here foloweth the cōplaynt
 of Mary Magdaleyne.

My lord is gone/ & here in graue was laid
 After his great passyon/ and dethe cruell
 Who hath hym thus agayne betrayd?
 Or what man here about can me tell?
 Where he is become/ the prince of Israell
 Iesus of Nazareth/ my gostly socour
 My parfyte loue/ and hope of all honour
 What creature hath hym heng carped?
 Or howe might this/ so sodainly befall?
 I wolde I had here with hym tarped
 And so shulde I haue had my purpose all
 I bought ointmētes / full precious & tyall
 Wherwith I hoped his corps to anoynted
 But he this gone/ my mide is dyspoynted

Whyle I therfore aduertise/ and beholde
 This pitous chaunce/ here in my presence
 Full litell marueyle/ thogh my hert be colde
 Consydryng lo/ my lordes absence
 Alas that I/ so full of neglygence
 Shulde be foude/ bycause I come so late
 All men may say/ that I am infortunate

Cause

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Cause of my sorowe/men may vnderstande
Quia tulerunt dominum meum
 Another is/ that I ne may fonde
I wote nere/ ubi posuerunt eum
 Thus I must bewayle/dolozem meum
 With herty weping/ I can no better deserue
 Tyll derhe approche/my hert for to kerue

My hert opprest /with sodayne auenture
 By feruent anguyfthe/is bewrapped so
 That long this lyfe I may nat endure
 Such is my payne/ such is my mortall wo
 Neuertheles/ to what partie shall I go?
 In hope to fynde/ myne owne turtill true
 My lyues ioye/ my souerayne lord Jesu

Sithe all my ioye / that I call his presence
 Is thus remoued/nowe I am full of mone
 Was the while/ I made no prouydence
 For this mishap/ wherfore I sighe & grone
 Socour to fynde/ to what place mist I gone
 fayne I wolde/ to some man my hert bryke
 I not to whom/ I may cōplayne or speke

Alone here I stande/full sozie and sadde
 Whiche hoped to haue sene my lord & kyng
 Small cause haue I/ to be mery or gladde
 Remembryng this bytterfull departyng
 In this worlde/ is no creature lyueng
 That was to me so good and gracious
 His loue also / than golde most precious

Full sore I sighe / without consozt agayne
 There is no cure to my saluacion
 His brenyng loue/my hert so doth cōstrayne
 Alas/ here is a wofull permutacion
 Wherof I fynde no ioye nor consolacion
 Therfore my payne/ all onely to confesse
 With dethe I feare/wyll ende my heuynesse

This wo and anguyfthe/ is intollerable
 yf I hyde here/ lyfe can I nat sustayne
 yf I go hens/my paynes be vncurable (ne
 Where hi to fynde/ I knowe no place cerryay
 And thus I not/ of these thynges I wayne
 Whiche I may take/ & which I may refuse
 My hert is wouDED/ heron to thike or muse

A while I shall stande in this mournyng
 In hope / if any visyon wyll appere
 That of my loue/might tell soe good tydyng
 Which in to ioy/ might chaunge my wepyng
 I trust i his grace/& his mercy dere (chere
 But at the lest/thought I therw me kyl
 I shall nat spare/ to wayle & wepe my fyl

And if that I dye in suche aduenture
 I can no more/ but welcome as my chauce
 My bones shall rest here in this sepulture
 My lyfe/ my dethe/ is at his ordynauce
 It shalbe tolde/ in euerlastyng remembraunce
 Thus to departe/is to me no shame
 And also therof/ I am nothyng to blame

Hope agaynst me/hath her course ytake
 There is no more/ but thus shall I dye
 I se rightwell/ my lord hath me forsake
 But in my cōceit/ cause knowe I none why
 Though he be farheng/ and nothyng nye
 yet my wofull hert/ after hym dothe seke
 And causeth teres to ren down by my cheke

Thynkyng alas/ I haue lost his presence
 Whiche i this worlde/was all my sustenance
 I crye and call/with herty diligence
 But there is no wpght gyueyth attendaunce
 He to certifye/of myne enquiryance
 Wherfore I wyll to all this worlde bewray
 Howe that my lord is slayne & bozne away

Though I moutne/it is no great wonder
 Sithe he is all my ioye in speciall
 And nowe I thynke/ we be so farre a cōder
 That hym to se/ I feare neuer I shall
 It helperh no more after hym to call
 He after hym to enqurye in any cost
 Alas/ howe is he thus gone and lost?

The iewes I thynke/full of mysery
 Sette in malpce/ by their busy cure
 With force and myght/of gylefull trechery
 Hath intermynd/my lordes sepulture
 And bozne away that precious fygure
 Leuyng of it nothyng/if they haue done so
 Sparr'd I am alas/what shall I do

With

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

With their benegaunce insaciabie
Howe haue they hym entreated so
That to reporte/it is to lamentable
They beate his body/from toppe to the too
Fewer man was boine / that felte suche wo
They wounded hym alas/ wth all greuaunce
The blode downe reyled/ in most habūdāce

The bloody robes/stremied downe ouer all
They hym assailed/so malyciously
With their scourges and strokes beest pall
They spared nat/but smote incessantly
To satisfie their malice they were full busy
They spyt i his face/they smote here & there
He groined full soze/and I wette many a tere

They crowned hi wth thornes/ sharpe & kene
The baynes rent/the blode ran downe apace
With blode ouercome/were bothe his epen
And holme wth strokes/was his blessed face
They hym entreated/ as men wthout grace
They kneeled to him/ & made many a scoone
Athe helhouides/they haue him all to coine

Vpon a mighty crosse in length and bryde
These turmetours/shewed their cursednes
They nayled hym/ without ppte oz bryde
His precious blode brast out in largenesse
They strayned hi a long/as men mercilesse
The very ioyntes all/to myne apparence
Ryued a sonder/ for their great violence

All this I beholdyng with my epen twayne
Stode there belyde/ with rusfull attendaunce
And euer me thought/he beyng in y^e payne
Loked on me/with deedly countenaunce
As he had sayd/ in his speciall remēbrāce
Farewell Magdalen/depte must I nedj hens
My herte is/ tanq̄ cera liquescens

Whiche rusfull sight/ when I gan beholde
Out of my wytte/ I almost distraught
Tare my hert/my hādes wrange & solde
And of y^e sight/ my hert drake such a draught
That many a fall lownyng/there I caught
I brused my body/fallyng on the grounde
Wherof I fele/many a greuous wounde

Thā these wretches/full of all frowardnes
Gaue hym to drinke/ exsell tempred wth gall
Alas/ that popson full of bytternesse
My loues there/caused than to appall
And yet therof/ might he nat drinke at all
But spake these wordes/ as hi thought best
Father of heuyn/ consummaturū est

Than kneeled I downe/ in paynes outrage
Clypping y^e crosse/ wth myn armes twayn
His blode distyled downe on my visage
My clothes eke/ the droppes dyde distayne
To haue dyed for hym/ I wolde full fayne
But what shulde it auyle/ if I dyde so
Sith he is/ suspensus in patibulo

Thus my lorde full dere/was all dysgyfed
With blode/ payne/ and woundes many one
His beynes brast/ his ioyntes ryued
Partyng a sonder/ the fleshe fro the bone
But I sawe he heng nat there alone
For/ cum iniquis deputatus est
Nat lyke a man/ but lyke a leproous beest

A bynde knight/ men called Longtas
With a spere approched/ vnto my souerayne
Launsyng his syde/ full pitously alas
That his precious hert/ he claue in twayne
The purple blode/ eke fro the hertes bayne
Downe rayled right fast/ i most rusfull wise
With chrystall wat/brought out of paradise

Whan I behelde this wofull passyon
I wote nat howe/by sodayne auenture
My hert was perced with very cōpassyon
That in me remayned no lyfe of nature
Strokes of dethel/ I fele without measure
My dethes wounde I caught/wth wo opprest
And brought to poit/ as my hert shulde best

The wounde/hert/ and blode of my darlyng
Shall neuer lyde/fro my remoziall
The bytter paynes also of tourmētyng
Within my soule/be grauen principall
The spere alas/that was so sharpe withall
So thpyled my hert/ as to my felyng
That body and soule/were at departyng
As soone

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

As soone as I mighte/ I releued by agayne
My brethe I coude nat derp well restore
Felyng my selfe drowned in so great payne
Bothe body & soule/ me thought were all to
Violent falles/ greued me right sore (tore
I wepte/ I bledde/ & with my selfe I fared
As one/ that for his lyfe nothyng had cared

I loking by/ to that rusfull Rode
Sawe fyll the visage pale of that figure
But so pitous & sight/spotted with blode
Sawe neuer yet/no lpuenge creature
So it exceded the bondes of measure
That mānes mynde/ wth all his wyttes true
Is nothyng able/that payne for to discreue

Than gan I there/myne armes to vnbrace
Up lyfting my handes/full mourningly
I sighes/ and sore sobbed in that place
Bothe heuen & erthe/might haue herde me
Weppng/ & said alas/ incessantly (crys
Ah my swete herte/ my godly paramour
Alas/ I may nat thy body socour

O blessed lorde/howe ferse & howe cruell
Thes cursed wyghtes/ nowe hath þ slayne
Keruyng alas/ thy body euerydeil
Woude wth woude/full bytter is thy payne
Howe woude that I myght to the attayne
To naye my body/ fast vnto thy tree
So that of this payne/thou myght go free

I can nat reposte/ ne make no rehercayle
Of my demenyng/with the circumstaunce
But well I wote/ þ spere with euery naye
Thisted my soule/by inward rebelaunce
Whiche neuer shall/ out of my remembraunce
Duryn my life/ it wyll cause me to wayle
As ofte as I/remembre that batayle

Thy fowles/ worse than dogges rabiate
What moued you thus cruelly hym to aray
He neuer displeased you / nor caused debate
Your loue and true hertes he couped aye
He pched/ he reched/ he shewed þ right way
Wherfore ye lyke tyrants/ wode & wayward
Now haue hym thus slayne/for his reward

ye ought to haue tenebryed one thyng speck
His fauour/his grace/ & magnifyce (all
He was your prince borne / & lorde ouer all
Howbeit ye to ke hym/in small reuerence
He was full meke/in sufferyn your offence
Neuertheles/ ye deuoured hym wth one ass
As hūgry wolues/dothe þ lambe innocens

Where was your ppyte/ O people mercyslesse
Armig your selfe/with fall hed and trayson
On my lorde ye haue shewed your wodnesse
Lyke no men/ but beesles without reason
Your malyce he suffered all for the season
Your payne wyll cōe/ thynke it nat to lacke
Whan hauig no mercy/ of mercy shall lacke

O ye traytours/ & maynteners of madnesse
Vnto your folly/ I ascribe all my payne
Ye haue me depriued of ioye and gladnesse
So delyng with my lorde and souerayne
Nothyng shulde I nede/thus to cōplayne
yf he had lyued in peace and tranquillite
Whom ye haue slayne/ through your inidite

Farewell your noblenes/ þ cōtyme did reyne
Farewell your worshyp/glorie and fame
Here after to lyue in hate and disdayne
Wherby ye nat/for your trespass & blame
Vnto shame is turned all your good name
Upon you nowe/ wyll woder euery nasyon
As people/of most hyle reputation

These wicked wretches/these hostides of hel
As I haue tolde playne/here in this sentence
Were nat cōtent/ my dere loue thus to quell
But yet they must embesyle his presence
As I perceyue/ by couert hypolence
They haue hym conueyed to my displeasure
For here is laste/ but naked sepulture

Wherfore of truthe/and rightfull iugement
That their malyce agayne may be acounted
After my verbyte and auysement
Of false murder/they shalbe endoyted
Of theste also/ whiche shall nat be respyted
And in all hast/they shalbe hanged & drawe
I wyl my selfe/plede this cause in þ lawe
Alas

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Alas/ if I had true attendaunce
Had still abydden/ with my lordes cōse
And kept it still/ with true perseueraunce
Than had nat be fall/ this wofull dnuoyse
But as for my payne/ welcome & no force
This shalbe my song/ where soeuer I go
Departing is grounde of all my wo

I se right well/ nowe in my paynes smert
There is no wounde of so greuous dolour
As is the wounde of my carefull hert
Sith I haue lost/ thus my paramour
All swetnesse is touned in to soure
Wpthe to my hert/ nothyng may conuey
But he that bereth therof/ bothe locke & key

The ioye excellent/ of blyssed paradyse
May me alas/ in no wyse reconforte
Song of angell/ nothyng may me suffyse
As in my hert/ nowe to make dispozte
All I refuse/ but that I myght reso:te
Unto my loue/ the well of godlyheed
For whose longyng/ I trowe I shalbe deed

Of paynfull labour/ & tourment corporall
I make therof none excepcion
Paynes of hell/ I wyl passe ouer all
Wp loue to fynde/ in myne affection
So great to hym/ is my dilectacion
A thousande tymes/ martyred wolde I be
His blessed body/ ones if I myght se

About this worlde/ so large in all compace
I shall nat spare to ren/ my lyfe durynge
Wp fete also/ shall nat rest in one place
Tyll of my loue/ I may here come tidynge
For whose absēce/ my hādes nowe I wryng
To thynke on hi/ cease shall neuer my myde
O gentyll Iesu/ where shall I the fynde

Ierusalem wyl I serche/ place fro place
Syon/ the bale of Iosaphath also
And if I fynde hym nat in all this space
By mount Olyuet/ to Bethany wyl I go
These wayes wyl I wander/ & many mo
Nazareth/ Bethlem/ Montana Jude
No traueyle shall me payne hym for to se

His blessed face/ if I might se and fynde
Serche I wolde euery cost and countrey
The farthest parte of Egypt or hote Inde
Shulde be to me/ but a lytell iourney
Howe is he thus gone or taken away
yf I knewe the full trithe and certente
yet from this care/ released might I be

In to wyldernesse/ I thynke best to go
Sith I can no more tidynge of him here
There may I my lyfe lede/ to and fro
There may I dwell/ & to no man appere
To towne nor byllage wyl I come nere
Alone in wodes/ in rockes/ and caues depe
I may at my owne wyl/ both waile & wepe

Wpne eyen twayne/ withouten barpaunce
Shall neuer cease/ I promyse faithfully
There to wepe/ with great abundaunce
Bytter teares/ rennyng incessantly
The whiche teares/ medled full pitoufly
With the very blode/ euery shall ren also
Expressyng in myne hert/ the greuous wo

Woldly fode and sustenaunce I despye none
Suche lyue as I fynde/ suche wyl I take
Rotes that growen on the craggy stone
Shall me suffyce/ with water of the lake
Than thus may I say/ for my lordes sake
Fuerunt mihi/ lachryme me
In deserto panes / die ac nocte

Wp body to clothe/ it maketh no force
I mournyng mantell shalbe sufficient
The greuous woundes/ of his pytous corse
Shalbe to me a full royall garment
He departed thus/ I am best content
His crosse with nayles/ and scourges wall
Shalbe my thought/ and payne speciall

Thus wyl I lyue/ as I haue here tolde
yf I may any long tyme endure
But I feare/ dethe is ouer me so bolde
That of my purpose/ I can nat be sure
Wp paynes encrease without mesure
For of long lyfe/ who can ley any reason
All thyng is mortall/ and hath but a season
I sighe

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

I sighe full soze/ and it is farre pset
 Myne herte I fele nowe bledeth inwardly
 The bloody teares/ I may in no wyse let
 Sithe of my payne/ I fynde no remedy
 I thanke god of all/ if I nowe dye
 His wyll performed/ I holde me content
 My soule let hym take/ that hath it me lent

For lenger to endure/ it is intollerable
 My wofull hert/ is enflamed so huge
 That no sorowe/ to myne is comparable
 Sithe of my mynde/ I fynde no refuge
 yet/ I hym requyre/ as rich full iuge
 To deuoyde fro me/ the inwarde sorowe
 Lest I lyue nat to the next morowe

Within my hert/ is impressed full soze
 His royall forme/ his shap/ his semelynesse
 His port/ his chere/ his goodnes euermore
 His noble person/ with all gentylnesse
 He is the well of all paryshnesse
 The very redemer of all mankynde
 Him loue I best/ with hert/ soule/ & mynde

In his absence/ my paynes full bytter be
 Rightwell I may it fele nowe inwardly
 No wonder is/ though they hurt o/ see me
 They cause me to crye so rudely
 My hert oppressed is so wonderfully
 Onely for hym/ whiche is so bright of ble
 Alas/ I trowe I shall hym neuer se

My ioye is translate full farre in exyle
 My myghte is chaiged/ in to paynes colde
 My lyfe I thynke/ endureth but a whyle
 Anguillhe and payne/ is that I beholde
 Wherfore my handes/ thus I wyng & folde
 In to this graue I lobe/ I call/ I praye
 Bethe remayneth/ and lyfe is borne away

Nowe must I walke/ & wader here & there
 God wote to what parties I shall me dresse
 With quakyng hert/ wepyng many a tere
 To seke out my loue/ and all my t wetnesse
 I wolde he wylt what mortall heynnesse
 About my hert/ reneweth more and more
 Than wolde he nat kepe pyte long in store

Without hym/ I may nat long endure
 His loue so soze worketh within my brest
 And euer I wepe/ before this sepulture
 Sighyng full soze/ as my hert shulde brest
 Duryng my lyfe/ I shall optayne no rest
 But mourne & wepe/ where that euer I go
 Makyng cōplaynt/ of all my mortall wo

Fast I crye/ but there is no audyence
 My cōpyng hyder/ was hym for to please
 My soule opprest is here/ with his absence
 Alas/ he lyst nat to sette myne hert in ease
 Wherfore/ to payne my selfe withall disease
 I shall nat spare/ tyll he take me to grace
 Or els shall I starue/ here in this place

Ones/ if I myght with hym speke
 It were all my ioye/ with perfyte plesance
 So that I might to hym my hert breke
 I shulde anone deuoyde all my greuaunce
 For he is the blyss of very recreaunce
 But nowe alas/ I can nothyng do so
 For in steede of ioye/ nought haue I but wo

His noble coxe/ within my hertes rote
 Depe is graued/ whiche shall neuer flake
 Howe is he gone/ to what place I ne wote
 I mourne I wepe/ and all is for his sake
 Sithe he is past/ here a howe I make
 With hertly promyse/ & therto I me bynde
 Neuer to cease/ tyll I may hym fynde

Vnto his mother/ I thynke for to go
 Of her haply/ some conforte may I take
 But one thyng yet/ me fereth and no mo
 If I any mencion of hym make
 Of my wordes/ she wolde tremble & quake
 And who coude her blyse/ she hauig but one
 The son borne away/ the mother wylt mone

Sorowes many/ hath she suffered truly
 Sithe that she first conceyued him & bare
 And seyn thynges/ there be most speciall
 That downeth her hert in sorowe and care
 yet lo/ in no wyse maye they compare
 With this one nowe/ the which if she knewe
 She wolde her paynes/ euerychone renewe
 Great

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Great was her sorowe/ by mennes sayeng
Whan in the temple/ Symeon Iustus
Shewyng to her these wordes/ prophcieng
Tuam animam/ pertransibit gladius
Also whan Herode/ that tyrant furious
Her chyld pursued in every place
For his lyfe went/ neyther mercy ne grace

She mourned/ whan she knewe hym gone
Full long she sought/ or she hi founde apene
Whan he went to deth/ his crosse him vpon
It was to her sight/ a ruful payne (yne
Whan he heng theron/ bitwene theues twas
And the speare/ vnto his hert thrust right
She lowned/ and to the groude there pight

Whan deed and blopy/ in her lappe lay
His blessed body/ bothe hādes & fete all toze
She cryed out/ & sayd: nowe welaway
Thus atayed/ was neuer man before
Whan hast was made/ his body to be boze
Vnto this sepulture/ here to remaine
Unmethes for wo/ she coude her sustayne

These sorowes. vij. I like I werd: euerichone
His mothers hert wounded/ fro syde to syde
But if she knewe her sonne thus gone
Out of this worlde/ she shulde w deth ryde
For care/ she coude no lenger here abyde
Hauyng no more ioye nor consolacion
Than I/ here standyng in this stacion

Wherfore/ her to se I dare nat presume
From her presece/ I wyll my selfe refrayne
yet had I leuer to dye and consume (yne
Than his moder shulde haue any more pa
Neuertheles/ her son wolde I se full fayne
His presece was very ioye and swetnesse
His absence is/ but sorowe and heynesse

There is no more/ sicke I may hi nat mete
Whom I desyre/ aboue all other thyng
Nedes I must/ take the soure w the swete
For of his noble coxe/ I here no rydyng
Full ofte I crye/ and my handes wryng
My herte alas/ relenteth all in payne
Whiche wyll brast/ bothe senewe & bayne

Alas/ howe vnhappy was this wofull houre
Wherin is thus mispended my seruyce
For myn entent/ and eke my true labour
To none effecte may come/ in any wyse
Alas/ I thynke if he do me dyspce
And lyst nat to take/ my symple obseruance
There is no more/ but deth is my fynauce

I haue hym called/ sed non respondet michi
Wherfore my myghte is turned to mournig
O dere lord/ quid mali feci tibi
That me to cōforte/ I fynde no erthly thing
Alas/ haue compassyon of my cryeng
yf from me/ faciem tuam abscondis
There is no more/ but consumere me vis

Within my hert/ is grounded thy fygure
That all this worlde/ horrible tourment
May nat it as wage/ it is so wout measure
It is so brennyng/ it is so feruent
Remembre lord/ I haue ben dilygent
Euer the to please onely/ and no mo
My hert is with the/ where soeuer I go

Therfore my dere darlyng/ trahe me post to
And let me nat stande/ thus desolate
Quia non est/ qui consoletur me
My hert for the is disconsolate
My paynes also/ nothyng me moderate
Nowe / if it lyst the to speke with me a lyue
Come in hast/ for my hert a sūder wyll ryue

To the I profer lo/ my pooze seruyce
The for to please/ after myne owne entent
I offre here/ as in deuout sacrifyce
My bore replete/ with precious oymnt
My eyen twayne/ wepyng suffycient
My herte with anguyt/ fullfylled is alas
My soule eke redy/ for loue about to passe

Nought els haue I/ the to please or paye
For if my hert were golde or precious stone
It shulde be thynne/ without delay
With hertly chere / I shuldest haue it anone
Why suffrest thou me than to stande alone
Thou hast I trowe/ my wepyng i dis dayn
O els thou knowest nat what is my payn
f.ij. yf thou

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

yf thou withdraue/ thy noble dalyaunce
 For ought that euer I displeased the
 Thou knowest rightwell/ it is but ignozāce
 And of no knowlege for certaynte
 yf I haue offended lord/ forgyue me
 Gladde I am/ for to make full repentance
 Of all thyng/ that hath ben to thy greuaunce

My hert alas/ swelleth within my chest
 So sore opprest/ with angurthe & payne
 That all to pereg/ forsothe it wyl breist
 But if I se thy blessed corse agayne
 For lyfe ne dethe/ I can nat me refrayne
 yf thou make delay/ thou mayst be sure
 My hert wyl leape in to this sepulture

Alas my lord/ why farest þ thus with me
 My tribulacion yet haue in mynde
 Where is thy mercy? where is thy pyte?
 Whiche euer I trusted in the to fynde
 Sotyme þ were to me/ bothe good & kynde
 Lette it please the/ my prayer to accept
 Whiche with teres/ I haue here bewept

On me thou oughtest to haue very ruche
 Sith the for the is all this mournyng
 For sith I to the aplyghted/ first my truche
 I neuer varyed with discorpyng
 That knowest þ best/ myne owne darlyng
 Why constraynest thou me thus to wayle
 My wo forsothe/ can the nothyng aueyle

I haue endured/ without varyaunce
 Right as þ knowest/ thy louer iust & trewe
 With hert & thought/ aye at thy ordynaunce
 Lyke to the Saphyre/ alway in one hewe
 I neuer chaunged the for no newe
 Why withdrawest thou my presence
 Sith the all my thought is for thyne absence?

With hert entere / I wete lord/ I crye to the
 Enclyne thyne eares to my petition
 And come/ velociter exaudi me
 Remembre my hertes disposicion
 It may nat endure in this condycion
 Therfore out of these paynes/ libera me
 And where thou arte / pone me iuxta te

Let me beholde/ O Iesu thy blessed face
 Thy sayre glorious angelyke visage
 Bowe thyne eares to my complaynt alas
 For to conuey me out of this rage
 Alas my lord/ take fro me this domage
 And to my desyre/ for mercy condiscende
 For none but þ/ maye my greuaunce amende

Nowe yet good lord/ I the beseeche & pray
 As thou repled/ my brother Lazarus
 From dethe to lyfe the fourthe day
 Came agayne/ in body and soule precious
 As great a thyng mayst þ shewe vnto vs
 Of thy selfe/ by the power of thy god heed
 As thou dyde of hym/ lyeng in graue deed

My hert is wounded/ with thy charite
 It brenneth/ it flameth incessauntly
 Come my dere lord/ ad adiuvandum me
 Nowe be nat long/ my payne to multiply
 Lest in the meane tyme/ I departe and dye
 In thy grace I put/ bothe hope & cōfydēce
 To do/ as it pleaseth thy hye magnificence

Floodes of dethe and trybulacion
 In to my soule/ I fele entred full depe
 Alas/ that here is no consolacion
 Euer I wayle/ euer I mourne and wepe
 And sorowe hath wounded my hert full depe
 O dere loue/ no marueyle is though I dye
 Sagitte tue/ infire sunt mihi

Wandring in this place/ as in wyldernesse
 No comforte haue I/ nor yet assuraunce
 Desolate of iope/ replete with sayntnesse
 No an were recepyng/ of myne indraunce
 My hert also/ graued with displeaunce
 Wherfore I may saye/ O deus deus
 Non est dolor/ sicut dolor meus

My hert expresteth/ quod dilexi multum
 I may nat endure/ though I wolde sayne
 For nowe/ solum superest sepulcrum
 I knowe it rightwell/ by my huge payne
 Thus for loue/ I may nat lyfe sustayne
 But o god/ I muse what ayleth the
 Quod sic repente precipitas me

Alas/

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Alas I se/ it wyl none other wyse be
 Nowe must I take my leaue/ for euermore
 This bytter payne/ hath almost discōfyt me
 My loues cosse/ I can in no wyse restore
 Alas: to this wol that euer I was boze
 Here at his tōbe/ nowe must I dye & stauē
 Dethe is about/ my hert for to carue

My testament/ I wolde begyn to make
 To god the father/ my soule I cōmende
 To Iesu my loue/ that dyed for my sake
 My herte and all/ bothe I gyue and sende
 In whose loue/ my lyfe maketh an ende
 My body also/ to this monument
 I here bequeth/ bothe boze and opntment

Of all my wylles/ lo nowe I make the last
 Right in this place/ within this sepulture
 I wyl be buryed/ whan I am deed & past
 And vpon my graue/ I wyl haue this scry
 Here win resteth/ a gostly creature (pure
 Chyistes true louer/ Mary Magdaleyne
 Whose hert for loue/ brake in peces twayne

ye vertuous women/ tender of nature
 Full of pyte and compassyon
 Besoite I praye you/ vnto my sepulture
 To syng my dirige/ with great deuocion
 Shewe your charite in this condycion
 Syng with pyte/ & lette your hertes wepe
 Remembryng I am deed/ and layde to slepe

Chan/ whan ye begyn to parte me fro
 And ended haue/ your mournig obseruaunce
 Remembre where soeuer ye go
 Allway to serche/ & make due enquryaunce
 After my loue/ my hertes sustenaunce
 In euery towne/ and euery byllage
 yf ye maye here of his noble ymage

And if it happe/ by any grace at last
 That ye my trueloue fynde in any cost
 Say that his Magdaleyn is deed & past
 For his pure loue/ hath yeled by her gost
 Say that of althyng/ I loued hym most
 And that I myght nat this dethe eschewe
 My paynes so soze/ dyde euer reneue

And in token of loue perpetuall
 Whan I am buryed in this place present
 Take out my hert/ the very rote and all
 And close it within this boze of opntment
 To my deere loue/ make therof a present
 Enclpyng do wne with wordes lamentable
 Do your message/ speke saye and trefable

Say that to hym/ my selfe I cōmende
 I thousande tymes with hert so free
 This poore token/ say to hym I sende
 Pleaseth his goodnesse/ to take it in gre
 It is his owne of right/ it is his fee
 Whiche he as hed/ whan he said long befoze
 Gyue me thy hert/ and I desyre no moze

I due my lord/ my loue so saye of face
 I due my turtell done/ so freshe of hue
 I due my myrthe/ a due all my solace
 I due alas/ my sauour lord Iesu
 I due the gentyllest that euer I knewe
 I due my most excellent paramour
 fayer than rose/ sweter than lylly flour

I due my hope/ of all pleasure eternall
 My lyfe/ my welch/ and my prosperite
 My hert of golde/ my perill orientall
 My adamant/ of perfyte charite
 My chere refuge/ and my felcrite
 My conforre/ and all my recreation
 farwell my perpetuall saluacion

farwell myne emperour celestpall
 Most beautifull prince of all mankynde
 I due my ladye/ of hert most lyberall
 farwell my swetnesse/ bothe soule & mynde
 So louyng a spouse shall I neuer fynde
 I due my souerayne/ and very gentylman
 farwell deere hert/ as hertely as I can

Thy wordes eloquent/ flowing in swetnesse
 Shall no more alas/ my mynde recōfyt
 Wherfore my lyfe must ende in bytternesse
 For in this worlde shall I neuer rest
 To the/ whiche was my heuenly dispozt
 I alas/ it wyl none other be
 Nowe farwell the grounde of all dignite

The prologue

I due the fayrest that euet was bore
 Alas/ I may nat se your blessed face
 Nowe wetaway/ that I shall se no more
 Thy blessed visage/ so replete with grace
 Wherin is printed my parfyte solace
 I due my hert rote and all for euer
 Nowe farwell/ I must from the discouer

My soule for anguiss/ is nowe full thursty
 I saynt right sore for heupnesse
 My lorde/ my spouse: cur me dereliquisti
 Sith I for the/ suffre all this distresse
 What causeth the to seme this mercyplesse
 Sith it the pleaseth/ of me to make an ende
 In manus tuas/ my spyrite I comende.

Thus endeth the cōplaynt of Mary ma-
 gdaleyn/ and hereafter foloweth the
 letter of Wydo to Eneas: and
 fyrst the prologue of the
 translatour.

Folke discōforted/ bere heup cōtēnassid
 As ye haue cause/ so order your chere
 But yet some folke/ whiche ble disseblauce
 Wolde say/ other meanes moche better were
 That is to say/ good cōtēnassid to bere
 Whā ye haue cause/ of thought or heupnesse
 That folke pceyue nat your grete & distres

But as for me/ me thynke playnnesse is best
 After your chere/ to shewe ybur wo (brest
 Shewe outwarde/ what ye bere win your
 Sith ye of force/ must chuse one of the two
 Eytther among the dissemblers to go
 Or els be playne/ chose after your lust
 But playnnesse is the waye of parfyte trust

To purpose lo/ thus wyse it is ment
 Bycause that I haue loued very long
 And haue no ioye/ vnto this day present
 Cōstrayned me/ to write this rufull songe
 Of poore Wydo/ forsaken by great wronge
 Of false Ene/ who causeth my hād to shake
 For great surpe/ that I apens hym take

My false vntrowth/ bnde delpyng & double
 Wy hāde quaketh/ whan I write thy name
 Thou hast brought all true louers i trouble
 By thy vntrowth/ wherfore o lady fame
 Blowe by thy true of slander & of shame
 Forthwith to shewe/ of Ene his false delpe
 Make me your clerke/ simply as I can write

Shall I go to the well of Helycon
 To the muses/ for to pray them of ayde
 Nay nay alas/ for they wepe euerychone
 For poore Wydo/ thus pytously araye
 And nowe Iuno/ accōpteth her dismayde
 For the knot that she trusted shulde last
 Is nowe become/ bothe lose and vntedfast

What remedy/ where shulde I seke socout
 Of Arobe/ of Wyra/ or of Byblis
 Of Medea or Lucrece/ the romayne flout
 None of the all/ may graūt me helpe in this
 For yet Venus/ that goddes of loue is
 She is parcial/ she loueth Enee so
 Wherfore helpe me/ ye cruell Celeno

For lyke as I/ barrepne of eloquence
 Presume to translate/ nat worthy to bere
 The ynkehorn of the/ I write i good sentēce
 For lernyng lacketh/ and reason is nat clete
 Afore poetes/ my workes dare nat appere
 Whiche causeth me helpe to requyre
 Of Celeno/ full of enuyous pre

Prayeng all them/ that shall this rede or so
 To be content/ at this my poore request
 In this translatiō/ to pardon me
 And of my mynde/ to repoite the best
 To translate frenche/ I am nat redyest
 No marueyle is/ sith I was neuer yet
 In those ptes/ where I might lāgage gete

From Troy destroyed/ full passed yeres seyn
 Thus Eneas/ arryued at Carthage
 And at the last/ by influence of heuyne
 Mette with his folkes/ tossed in p sees rage
 Venus and Iuno/ entended maryage
 Betwene him & Wydo/ but this vntue man
 Brake p pmyse/ wherfore thus he began.

Thus endeth the prologue.

The letter of Dido to Eneas



Right (as þe swan) whan her dethe is npe
 Swerely dothe syng/ her fatal desteny
 A phewise/ I Dido/ for all my true loue
 Whiche by no prayer/ can you remoue
 Nor hath in you/ no more hope of lyfe
 Write vnto you/ my sorowes most pefyse
 For well knowe I/ my chaunces be so yll
 That they shalbe þe troublers of my wyll
 But sicke that I haue lost all my renowne
 Whiche þe through the worlde byd sowne
 But a small losse is/ of the surpluse
 As for to lose wordz/ writyng/ or message
 Enee/ ye take a great iourney in hande
 To forsake poore Dido/ & all her lande
 So by one wynde shalbe forthe past (maist
 your faith/ promise/ your sayle & eke your
 Nowe ye delyte to dresse your passage
 In hope therby/ to haue auantage
 And for to seche Italiens groundes
 Whiche be nat yet within your boundes
 Pleaseth nat you/ this cyte of Cartage
 Nor the cōstre nor lāde good for tyllage
 The thynges well done and sure/ ye displice
 Thyngz vncertayne/ ye serche & entpyse
 But what be they at your aduise Enee
 By whom thei lande gouerned shalbe
 And submyt the to you a poore strāger
 Wyll they to your lawes/ put the selfe in
 Certely/ as by your dedes I perceue (dāger
 Other louers/ in recompence ye haue

And if ye haue faith of another lady
 She shalbe deceyued/ as well as I
 But whan tyme shal cōe/ the day & hour
 That ye shal byde a mighty strōg tour
 And a cyte/ Cartage to resemble
 To the whiche people shal assemble
 That your renowne may be spred ouer all
 Holdyng your ceptre/ in your chere wall
 Nowe put the case/ sicke be your desteny
 That ye may happe/ gouerne all Italy
 yet shal ye neuer haue spouse nor wyfe
 Kynder than me/ I loue you as my lyfe
 I bren as hore/ sicke loue made my hert tae
 As b. istone/ whiche in þe fyre dothe flame
 knowe ye for trouth/ whan ye saile in þe seas
 I shal haue you alway before myn eyes
 yet alway fetis and forgetfull ye be
 Of others welthe/ ye haue enuy I se
 Well ought I than/ were I a simple wight
 Hate his swete wordz/ & flye fro his sight
 But though that he wyll flye fro me
 I can nat forgete/ nor hate my swete Ene
 I playne ynough/ of his dealyng vntrue
 But somtuch more/ loue doth my hert sub
 O Cupido/ & ye Ven^{us} his moder dere (dus
 haue some pyte/ of my sorowfull chere
 And lyke as ye/ with your peersyng darte
 With loue of false Ene/ stroke me to þe hert
 To thende that he/ in whom I put my trust
 Wyte my wepyng/ and be nat vniust
 Alas/ howe moche hath it be my damage
 That I trusted to his plesāt vilage/ hour
 And to moch for trouth/ deceyued was I þe
 Whan his beaute wan me wout socour
 Certes in maners/ in swetenesse/ & in grace
 To his mother/ vnlyke in euery place
 For she is swete/ and he is vnkynde
 A droppe of trouthe/ in hi I can nat finde
 I beleue than/ & thynke it without blame
 ye were neuer bozue/ of so swete a dame
 But bozue i rockz/ i thornes/ or amōg briers
 Among tygres & wolues/ cruell and feers
 There were ye bozue/ & lyued wout noztur
 For without mercy/ þe arte of thy nature
 O I may saye surely without dout
 In the see/ thy byrth was brought about
 And in þe same/ where þe haddest thy spryging
 Thou folowest in nature thy begynning
 But

The letter of Dydo to Eneas

But whether flyest thou/ thou false Eneas
 In what perill is thy lyfe aduayned to be
 What / serst nat þe intrue and frowarde
 The gret troubles / þe cōfere colde & harde
 And of the see / the water which dothe swell
 Whiche for to passe / be right depe & cruell
 Seest þe nat also / howe force of þe wynde
 Is ayens þe / print these thigs in thy mynde
 Certainly / the tempest and the rage
 Is more stedfast / than is thy false corage
 And more there is / of surete in the see
 Than i thy will / which maketh me to bla
 Mas / I haue nat at þe somoch enuy (me the
 To wishe þe hurt / though þe thiike cōtrary
 For to desyre / for to reuenge myne angre
 To put your lyfe in so pytous daunger
 But ayens me / great hate ye haue cōceyued
 And moch desyre / þe I shulde be deceyued
 Sith that ye wyll / suche daunger vnder take
 But to thentent / þe ye may me forsake
 It appereth well / ye care nat for to dye
 Sith ye so sone / put your lyfe in ioppy
 Cary a space / if that it may you please
 Tyll that the see be more calme & at ease
 To thende that ye / for enuy or for stryfe
 Of your goyng / ye do nat lese your lyfe
 Haue ye nat knowen / the troublous tempest
 Whiche in þe see dothe ryle / fro East to west
 Thousāde dāgers hourly there doth encrese
 Dought ye nat than of your iorney to cese
 But sith ye haue dayly great busynesse
 Wherof cometh your froward wylfulnesse
 That ye wolde sayle / & in payne be moued
 Marueyle nat than / though ye be reuyed
 For certainly / they be neuer well assured
 Whiche vnto ladyes / so ofte be periured
 But tosse & sayle / after their faiche is gone
 Whan they haue lefte their ladyes alone
 Of trouthe þe see dothe oft drowne & receyue
 Win his wawes / folk / which lust deceyue
 Chelyf on false louers / that dothe befall
 And the reason is this / for fyrst of all
 Venus þe goddess / whose seruānt / louers be
 Was engendred of the fōme of the see
 Mas / what feare my hert distropeth
 Why doute I to anoy hym þe me anoyeth
 Better were to lyue and contynue bythe
 I loue moch more / þe lyfe than þe dethe

And rather desyre / to dye with a good wyll
 Than ye shulde sayle & be in great peryll
 I pray you now / set your hert at rest
 Se howe the sees are troublous / w / sepest
 In your sayling / is many a quicke sande
 Whan ye departe from me / and fro my lade
 And if it chaunce / ye be drownded at a clappe
 But I pray god kepe you / fro suche mys
 Whan ye & your ship be lyke to perishe (hap
 That ye were here / than wyll often wyshe
 Than Eneas / your false for / weeping
 First shall come / to your vnderstādyng
 Than in your mynde / Dydo ye shall spy
 Whom by disceit / ye haue caused to dye
 Than shall ye se / to make your hert pēyshe
 The colde ymage / of your disceyued wife
 Deuy / thoughtfull / w heres pulde fro her hed
 Spotted w blode / wouided / nat fully ded
 Whan þe lyfe sayleth / thā shall ye sigh so
 And say / I haue deterued this & more
 Ha my dere frende / gyue a lytell space
 To þe sees rage / which doth you manace
 Cary a whyle / so iourne a space ye may
 Tyll that there come / a more goodly day
 And it may be / that all these wātes great
 Shall well apese / & no more þe rocks bete
 And if ye haue banysshed from me pety
 Haue ye regarde / to your sonne Ascan
 Shall your sonne se my sorowfull trespāce
 Whō ye haue kept / i many a diuers place
 Saue ye your folke fro fyre of Troy towne
 To thēde / þe the gret see shulde the drowne
 I am nat the fyrst / I knowe for certayne
 Whom your langage / hath caused to cō
 But ye þe were / well lerned for to lye (playne
 Haue abused me alas / through my folly
 Your pitous word / whā I herd w myn eves
 My eyes were moued to stāde ful of tēres
 After / my hert moche enclyned to pte
 Was holly moued / to haue your ampte
 That redy wyll / and my default sodayne
 Shall nowe be cause / of my later payne
 I thynke for trouth / that god for your vice
 In eche place / shal you punishe & chastice
 Seyn yeres wout rest / by lande & by see
 Ye were in wātes / and great aduersyte
 At the last / weder dūen ye were bydet
 I was content / þe we shulde lyue togyder
 And

The letter of Dido to Eneas

And by payne had / of your name knowlege
 My body & landes / to you I dyd pledge
 Wolde to god that the fame & yll renowne
 On my synne / were bitterly layde downe
 I was to blame / to endyne and reioyce
 In the swete wordes of your pitous voice
 Trustyng your true spouse to be
 But the fayntnesse of loue disceyued me
 Pardon ye me / of that I was so swifte
 I dyde it nat for golde / nor for no gyfte
 One that semed kynde / louyng and honest
 Quetcame me / to folowe his request
 His noble blode / and his swete countenaunce
 Gaue me good hope / & of mynde assuranc
 I knowe no womā / so good nor so wysse (ce
 That wolde the loue of suche one dispice
 For in hym is no default but one (ne
 He lacketh pyte / whiche causeth me to mo
 yf goddes wyll be / that ye shall nedes hens
 I wolde he had forbode you my presens
 Alas / ye se and knowe this without fayle
 That your people be wery of traueyle
 And to haue rest / they wolde be very fayne
 Tyll that they may be esed of their payne
 Also your shippes be nat fully prest
 Your sayles broken / your gables yet vnfest
 yf I of you haue ought deserued
 By any thyng / wherein I haue you fured
 And euer wyll serue you / in my best wysse
 For recompence at lest of that scrupce
 I pray you hertely / let this be done
 Purpose your mynde / nat to go so sone
 Tyll the tyme that the see and the rage
 Be well apesed / & of his watres al wage
 And tyll that I may suffre with good hert
 your depture / sicke ye wyll nedes depart
 And more easely / suffre and endure
 Thought / traueyle / payne / & displeasure
 For in goodfaithe / I trust of very trothe
 That apett me ye can nat long be wroth
 yet I pray you / come regarde the pimage
 Of her that wrote to you this langage
 Alas I wyte / and to encrease my sorowe
 There shaldest thou swerde / thou shalt kyll me to
 w my teres / this swerde is sported (morowe
 Whiche in my brest / in hast shalbe blotted
 And all shalbe in stede of teres on þe sworde
 Sported with blode / trust me at a worde

Ha / the swerde ye leste me whan ye went
 To my desteny is conuenient
 Of an vnhappy offryng & gyfte but small
 My sepulture is made great therewithall
 This shal nat be the fyrst glayue or darte
 That hath pierced me to the herte
 For afore this / loue þe setteth folke to stole
 Wounded me sore / I se I was more sole
 O sister Anne / ye knewe my hert dyd blede
 O I consented vnto this dede
 Whan I am deed / and bzent to alshes colde
 Than shall ye serch / & w þe had vnfolde
 The poudre of my bones / and surely hepe
 In your chambze / there as ye vse to slepe
 fro I be deed / folkes wyll no more call me
 Chast Dido / somtyme wyfe to Iechee
 On the marble shall stande this scripture
 As an Epitaphe / vpon my sepulture
 Here lyeth Dido / to whom Enee vntrewed
 Gaue cause of deth / & þe swerde þe her stowe.

Exhortacion of the translatour.

ye good ladyes / whiche be of tender age
 Beware of loue / sicke men be full of crafte
 Though some of the wyll promyse mariage
 Their lust fulfylde / suche promise wyll be last
 For many of them / can wagge a false shaft
 As dyd Enee / cause of quene Dydose deth
 Whose dede I hate & shall durig my bzythe
 And if that ye wyll you to loue subdue
 As thus I meane / vnto a good entent
 Se that he be secreete / stedfast and true
 O that ye set your mynde on hym feruent
 This is myne aduys / that ye neuer consent
 To do þe thing / whiche folkes may reproue
 you in any thyng / þe ye haue done for loue.

Thus endeth þe letter of Dido to Eneas
 and here foloweth a lytell exhorta
 cion / howe folke shulde be
 haue them selfe
 in all cōpa
 nyss.

Proverbes of Lydgate

Consulo quisq[ue]s eris / q[uo]d pacis federa queris
 Consolus esto lupis: cū quib[us] esse cupis.

I counsaile / what soever thou be
 Of polycy / foresight / and prudence
 yf thou wylte lyue in peace and byte
 Conforne thy selfe / & thinke on this sētece
 Where soever thou holde resydence
 Among wolues / be wolufshe of corage
 A lyon with lyons / a lambe for innocence
 And lyke the audyence / so vtter thy langage

The byrcorne is caught w[ith] maydens songe
 By disposicion / recorde of scripture
 With cozmozantes / make thy necke long
 In pondez depe / thy prayes to recure
 Among foxes / be foxylshe of nature
 Among raueners / thynke / for thy auātage
 With empty hande / men may nat hawk / lure
 And lyke the audyēce / so vtter thy langage

With holy men / speke of holynesse
 And with glotons / be delycate of thy fare
 With dronken men / do surfettes by excelle
 And among wasters / no spending þ[ut] spare
 With wodcockes lerne for to dare (lage
 And sharpe thy knyfe / with pylles for pyl
 Lyke the market / so prayse thy chaffare
 And lyke the audyēce / so vtter thy langage

With an otter / spare ryuer none no[ne] ponde
 With them that fyret / robbe connyngers
 A blode hōde with bowe & arowe in hōde
 Augre the wathe / of fosters and parkers
 Lyke the felowship / spare no daungers
 For lyfe no[ne] dethe / thy lyfe put in morgage
 Amōg knyghts / squiers / chanōs / mōkes / fers
 Lyke the audyēce / vtter thy lāgage (ers

Danyell lay / a prophet notable
 Of god preserued / in pryson with lyons
 Where god lyst spare / a tygre is nat bēgea
 No cruell beestes / beres no[ne] gryffons (ble
 And if thou be in caues with dragons
 Remembre howe Abacuke brought pottage
 So farre to Danyell / to many regions
 As case requyrez / so vtter thy langage

With wyse men talke of sapience
 With phylosophers / speke of phylosophye
 With shipmen sayling / that haue experiece
 In troublous sees / how they shall the gre
 And with poetes talke of poetrpe
 Be not prescriptuous / of chere no[ne] of visage
 But where thou comest / in any company
 Lyke the audyence / so vtter thy langage

This lytell dyte / to conclude in menyng
 Who that call hym this rule for to kepe
 Must conforne hym lyke in euery thyng
 Where he shall byde / w[ith] the felowshepe
 With wache men wake / w[ith] sluggys men slepe
 With wode men wode / w[ith] frātpke folke sau
 Ken w[ith] beestes / w[ith] wyld wozmes crepe (ge
 And lyke the audyence / vtter thy langage

Among all these / I counsaile yet take hede
 Where thou abydest / or rest in any place
 In chefe loue god / & w[ith] thy loue haue drede
 And be fearfull agayne hym to trespace
 With vertuous men entere shall thy grace
 And vicious folke are cause of gret dōmage
 In euery felowship / so for thyself purcha
 Where true reigneth / ther vtter thy lāgage

Be payde with lytell / cōtent with suffisance
 Clynbe nat to hys / thus byddeth Socrates
 Glad pouert is / of treasours most substāce
 And Caton saithe / is none so great encreas
 Of worldly treasour / as for to lyue in peas
 Whiche among stues / hath the bassalage
 I take recorde of Diogynes
 Whiche to Alexander had this langage

His palays was a lytell pooze tonne
 Whiche on a whele with hym he gan cary
 Badde this emperour / ryde out of þ[is] sonne
 Whiche dēpt hys selfe richer than kyng Dary
 Kept w[ith] his vessell / fro wynd / most contrary
 Wherin he made dāply his passage
 This phylosopher / w[ith] p[ri]nces lyst nat tary
 No[ne] in their presence / to vtter no langage

Betwene these twapne / a great comparyson
 Kyng Alexander / he conquered all
 Diogynes

Proverbes of Lydgate

Diogenes/lap in a small dongion (ball
 Lyke sondre weders/ whiche touned as a
 fortune to Alexander/gaue a sodayne fall
 The philosopher disposed the compynage
 He thought vertue was moze imperiall
 Thā is aquetaunce/w all his proude lāgage

Antony and Poule/ dyspyled all richesse
 Lpyed in desert/of wylfull pouerte
 Cesar and Pompey/of marciall wodnesse
 By theire enupous compassed cruelte (myte
 Bitwene Germany & Alstryke was great en
 No cōparison bytwix good greyn & forage
 Prayse euery thyng lyke to his degre
 And lyke the audyence/so better thy langage

I founde a lykenesse depicte vpon a wall
 Armed in brues/as I walked by & downe
 The heed of thys/full solempne and ryall
 Intellectus/Memozie/ and Reason
 With eyen and eares/of clere discrecion
 Mouthe and tongue/auoyden all outrage
 Agayne the byce of false detraction
 To do no surfet/in worde noz in langage

Hande and armes/with this discrecion
 Where so men haue/force o2 feblenesse
 Truly to meane/ in his affection
 For fraude o2 fauor/ to folowe rightwisnes
 Outtrayles inwarde/deuocion w mekenesse
 Dastig Dignation wich graued an ymage
 Prayed to Venus/of louers cheft goddesse
 To graūt it lyfe/ and quickenesse of lāgage

Of hole entent/ pray we to Christ Iesu
 To quicke a fygure in our conscience
 Reason as heed/with membres of vertue
 Afore reherled/ bryefely in sentence
 Under suppozte of his magnifycēce
 Christ so list gouern/ o2 wordly pilgrimage
 Bitwene vice and vertue/ to sette a differēce
 To his pleasure/to bettet our langage.

¶ Finis.

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 to the kynges most no-
 ble grace.